

SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,772, Vol. 68.

October 12, 1889.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

THE FRENCH SECOND BALLOTS.

IT is a constant and, on the whole, a sufficiently just reproach to France that she has lost the political sense of late years—has, indeed, been losing it more and more during the last century. To judge, however, from some, perhaps from most, remarks made on the result of the second ballots last Sunday, the confusion and misjudgment implied in this reproach seem to have spread from France to at least some of her critics. These critics perceive, or affect to perceive, a great triumph for what is called “the Republic” in the recent elections; but it is the most difficult thing in the world to see, even from their own statements, where this triumph lies. It may be at once and of course admitted that the Republic, or rather the actual Republican Government, has not incurred the crushing defeat which was at one time augured for it. The total nominal Republican majority is considerable, though not so large as it was after the last general election. The Exhibition has been in its way a success, and has unquestionably brought a very great deal of money into France—a result to which few nations are indifferent, and to which Frenchmen are least indifferent of any. President CARNOT has made a good mechanical head of the State. If Frenchmen have no particular confidence in their present governors, there is no other pretending group of governors, or single pretender, in whom they have more. Further, it may be admitted, for reasons which are easily explicable, and to which we may return, that the chief nominal foe of the Republic—Monarchism—has received a very heavy blow, the Monarchist party, apart from Boulangists and Bonapartists, numbering barely a sixth, or very little more, of the whole Chamber. Lastly, it is claimed, and with some justice, that though some of the most prominent members of the Republican party have been unseated, the “Moderate” section or sections of that party are much stronger than they were—a strength which should strengthen the whole Republican side.

This is the satisfactory side of matters; now let us look at the others. The wildest peans are being sung over the defeat, death, and destruction of Boulangism. The Correspondent of the *Times* is sure, for the *n*th time, that the General is *mort et enterré*; there is, he thinks, no Boulangist party any longer. The facts are that the Boulangists have doubled their numbers and more in the Chamber (borrowing the increase chiefly from their kind friends the Royalists), that General BOULANGER has carried nearly half Paris as far as seats go, and apparently has mustered more than half the total votes. This is an odd sort of vanquishment, a very curious kind of annihilation. But it is not really so important as the relative position of the various sections of the Republican party. That party, in the mass, is set down at the mystic number 365, and so outnumbers the three parties opposed to it—Royalist, Boulangist, and Bonapartist—by about 140. But it is as far as possible from being a homogeneous party. The general rough estimate is that two-thirds of it belong to moderate shades, and one-third to immoderate, or Radical, shades. Now even on this estimate the Moderates, though the most powerful party in the Chamber, fall far short of a positive majority. The three Anti-Republican parties would require only a small contingent of Irreconcilables, or a small wavering in the Moderates themselves, to exceed these Moderates in numbers. The Radicals and Royalists together very nearly equal them. Further, the likelihood of even all the Moderates acting together is by no means very strong. The minuter analysts of the composition of the Chamber allow for thirty or forty Republican nondescripts—persons whose politics are practically unknown, or at any rate extremely uncertain. Rejoicings have been indulged in over the growth of M. LÉON SAY'S

fraction from a mere “group” of half a dozen into a respectable “section” of half a hundred. These rejoicings are well justified in one sense; for anything that raises the tone of the average French deputy is a gain. But he must be strangely ignorant who does not know that moneyed doctrinaire Liberals of this type have long been the most unpopular of all parties in France, and are far more likely to cause splits than to be a bond of union in any party to which they attach themselves. Lastly, the question may be put, “Do those who anticipate quiet times forget that this “newly-elected Chamber will have to face questions of revision, questions of foreign policy, questions of all kinds, “which will infallibly redistribute any seeming majority, “just as greater majorities have been redistributed before?” No new statesman has yet been given by these elections to France, and it is excessively improbable that France thinks any better of her old statesmen than she did a few weeks ago.

One thing, however, cannot be denied, and that is that, whether or no the Republic has received a fresh lease of life by the muster of a positively decreased body of adherents after a general election; whether or no Boulangism has received a fresh (the *n*th) sentence of death by more than doubling its Parliamentary strength, the official representative of the principle of Monarchy in France has experienced a very heavy reverse. Not only has the Count of PARIS a less numerous following in this Chamber than he had in the last, but he has lost honour as well as forces. If it be true that, as the inimitable M. DE BLOWITZ remarks, he has “had to reconcile the worst hankerings,” much allowance must, no doubt, be made for the incumbent of an office the attributes of which would be wholly incomprehensible if it were not dimly certain, at least, that it must be a very disagreeable one. Whether the Count really endeavoured to reconcile hankerings can never be known. But it is too evident that he endeavoured to pursue that course of political attorneyism which has been the curse of the house of ORLEANS. “There is always,” said a severe critic of the greatest novel-heroine of the eighteenth century, “something which CLARISSA prefers to the truth.” There is always, it has been said by critics as unkindly, something which an ORLEANS King prefers to straightforward conduct. The talk about the Count having “plotted” against the Republic is, of course, absurd. He owed the Republic no allegiance, and he was and is entitled to bring it under his sovereignty in any honourable and reasonable way he chose and could arrange. But it is impossible to see that the recent disastrous—in every sense disastrous—compact with Boulangism was in any way honourable or reasonable. It was in the nature neither of an alliance between partners on equal terms, nor of the open hiring of a condottiere to do service for a consideration, nor of the acceptance of a proffer of loyalty. In fact, it is extremely difficult to find a form of words accurately describing the confederacy (though perhaps that single term does it well enough) which has resulted so disastrously for one confederate and in such barren gains for the other. It appears to have partaken of the nature of an agreement to wink at the bubbling of third parties by each partner and of a much less distinct undertaking to “pool” the gains afterwards—something not unlike the immortal transaction of the Honourable ALGERNON DEUCEACE with Messrs. BLEWITT and DAWKINS, with, however, the result that, though Mr. DEUCEACE has won from Mr. BLEWITT, he has not won from their intended pigeon. To those who believe that until France comes to some intelligent acceptance of the monarchical principle there can be no salvation for her, this new illustration of the way in which the general political dry-rot has affected the monarchical as well as other French parties must be sufficiently deplorable. In

this sense, if in no other, the Republic may be said to have received the new lease of life so much talked of; in the sense that a fresh demonstration has been given of the incompetence of the monarchical candidate *en titre* to pursue a game at once intelligent and uncompromising, at once constant to principle and observant of fact. Again and again during the last sixty years have the chances of the Monarchy been thrown away, now by timidity, now by unseasonable obstinacy, now by want of comprehension, now (as in this instance) by the fatal attempt to be too clever by half, to noble and jockey and knock-out, instead of riding straight and making honest bids. Fortunately the monarchical principle is too well founded in reason and in human experience not to prevail in the long run; but the day of its prevalence in France must almost certainly have received a fresh postponement from this lamentable blunder.

DIOGENES HARCOURT.

THE literature of search, if we may so call it, is tolerably copious and varied. JAPHET in search of a father exhibited an audacious confidence in his own faculty of recognition which does not always characterize even the *Audax Iapeti genus*. THOMAS MOORE and BLANCO WHITE sent two Irish gentlemen on competitive travels in search of a religion. Sir GEORGE STEPHEN went in search of a horse, Mr. STANLEY of LIVINGSTONE, and JEROME PATUROT of a Republic. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has recently added himself to the list of anxious inquirers. He has been on the look-out for an honest man, not among his contemporaries, but among the Irishmen who at the close of the last century supported the Parliamentary Union with England. He has been more unfortunate than the Jewish investigators into the census of righteous people who were to save the doomed city. He has not only been unable to find one righteous man in a thousand, but he has not found a righteous man at all. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT appears to think that in making this statement he is paying a tribute to the Irish character. If it were true, the Island of Saints would be more properly designated the Island of Knaves. On his own showing, the country was betrayed by her own sons. To take a bribe to sell one's native land is surely a graver offence than to offer a bribe for its sale. There may be corruption in both cases, alike in the vendors and in the vendees, but there is moral treason and parricide in addition on the part of the sellers.

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's personal qualifications for ethical judgment are exemplary. Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat. The man who is on the look-out for political honesty should himself be politically honest. The principle of setting a thief to catch a thief has its converse application. An upright man is alone qualified to detect an upright man. The mind can see only, as CARLYLE was fond of insisting, that which it brings with it the faculty of seeing. It can recognize without it only that which is within it. It requires dishonesty to detect dishonesty. If Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, as the result of his historic inquiries, had declared that everything was perfectly just and patriotic on both sides in the transactions which led to the Union, we should have had no difficulty in understanding the conclusion to which he had arrived. To the pure all things are pure. A simple and ingenuous nature cannot understand baseness and intrigue. The dishonest are the surest to get on the trail of dishonesty. The opposite phenomenon, as exhibited by Sir W. HARCOURT, is with difficulty explicable.

It is a touching spectacle that of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, like a nineteenth-century *DIOGENES*, exploring the dark places of history for an honest man, and returning disappointed from his quest. Mr. PICKWICK, in one of his many nocturnal adventures, so managed the dark lantern with which he was equipped that, while it shed a bright and dazzling light upon himself and the spot on which he stood, it left all surrounding objects immersed in the deepest gloom. This, we are inclined to think, has been the fortune of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. The lantern with which he explores the past is his own pure and ingenuous spirit, and, in contrast with that, everything else appears dark and stained. Its brilliant light blackens every blot. He applies too high a standard. Ordinary human nature cannot reach the level by which he judges it.

Another circumstance requires to be taken into account. Not only is Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's standard high, but

his knowledge of history, and especially of Irish history, is imperfect. Apparently he knows less of it even than Mr. GLADSTONE himself—that is to say, he knows less than almost nothing at all. His knowledge of it is drawn, as it would appear, from an early book of Mr. LECKY's, written when that eminent historian had scarcely passed the years of boyhood, and when he was in the impassioned and rhetorical stage of his intellectual development. The volume entitled *Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland* gives promise of many of the admirable qualities which have characterized the later writings of its author. A generous spirit, a chivalrous disposition to espouse the weaker and the vanquished cause, a pure and lofty ethical temper mark it. These things, no doubt, have recommended it to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. But the faculty of weighing historical evidence, the instinct of correct political judgment, which are conspicuous in Mr. LECKY's later writings, were almost necessarily undeveloped in this book of his boyhood, which smacks rather of the debates of the Historic Society of Dublin than of sober and patient inquiry. These very defects recommend it to the generous and impulsive temper of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, always prompt to sympathize with the weak and oppressed.

If we must speak seriously on this subject, we can only say that the statement of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT that every honest man in Ireland was opposed to the Union is too silly for serious refutation or for serious discussion. Except that he has made it, we should have thought it too silly for any one to make. It is certainly too silly for any one deliberately to refute. On a grave question of policy such as this, it is inevitable that there should be two sides among honest men. As a matter of fact, the expediency of a Parliamentary Union with England had often been agitated before Mr. PITT and the rebellion brought it within the sphere of practical politics. It had been urged as the only efficient means of liberating the great bulk of the Irish people from the ascendancy of the Anglo-Irish caste. The fact is notorious that it was the ascendancy party—the party which was in possession of office and power in Ireland—which mainly opposed the Union, and that it was the necessity of buying off their hostility which led to the means which have since been described as morally invalidating it. There were honest men who resisted the Union to the last, and who have given to that resistance an aspect of patriotism which, taken as a whole, it by no means deserves. But the methods by which the original opposition was overcome show what was its character. The "blackguardism" of Mr. PITT is the correlative of the "blackguardism" which he combated on the principle *similia similibus*. The Catholic priesthood and the educated Catholic laity looked to the Union for emancipation. The venal "undertakers" who were the log-rollers of the Irish Parliament opposed it. If Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT had reversed his assertion, it would have been still absurd and wide of the truth; but it would have been a shade less absurd and a degree less wide of the truth than that which it has pleased him to make.

THE ELECTIONS OF THE WEEK.

THE election in North Bucks will not have been decided till after these words are published, so that nothing can be said about it except to hope that Mr. HUBBARD may get the better of a party which enlists such advocates as the well-known Mr. TUCKWELL. But two elections have already been decided in the present week, and the decision of both constituencies has been adverse to the Government. Although only one of these is a positive loss, we are not at all disposed to attempt to minimize or pooh-pooh these reverses. Of one at least it would be impossible to say anything to match the King CAMBYSES style of the other side. We have no truth, however undoubted, that we can advance to match the solemn assertion of the chief organ of the Separatists (made in "double leads" and as who should advance a novel and immortal truth) that the event at Peterborough "will count on a division as two votes against the Government." It will; and the news that this is the result of winning, as distinguished from keeping a seat, may be news to Gladstonians. Nor can we attempt to imitate the ecstasies of this organ:—

The wild kiss when fresh from war's alarms
Its Hercules, its Clapham Antony,
Its mailed Morton leapt into its arms
Contented there to—

be informed that his success would count as two votes on a division. We may, however, mildly remark that the jubilation which has been made over Peterborough overlooks two things. In the first place, that city has been ever since the first Reform Bill a Radical stronghold till Mr. FITZWILLIAM, to the great surprise of the knowing, carried it over to Liberal Conservatism the other day. Almost all sorts and conditions of Tories have attacked it in vain in the past, and it was so little nice in its choice as to be contented for many years with the late Mr. WHALLEY. Further, we wrote here four weeks ago that, "if the seat is lost, it will be lost by want of preparation." It is notorious that there was no candidate ready when Mr. FITZWILLIAM met with his accident, that much valuable time was lost in search of one, that the reluctance of the FITZWILLIAM family to fight the place exposed the Unionists to the greatest danger of all, the danger of apparently hawking about the constituency (a thing which a constituency always resents), and that Mr. PURVIS, of whom we desire to speak with all honour, who fought the losing fight gallantly, and may fight a winning one another day, was a mere "carpet-bagger." Mr. MORTON was a carpet-bagger, too; but he had packed his bag long before, had ground-baited the place, and had a valuable start. The lesson is as old as the history of elections for at least the last sixty years, but it is apparently not yet learnt by either party, and unfortunately the Conservative party is even slower than its rivals to learn it. Even as we write, two days after the other accident (more lamentable even than Mr. FITZWILLIAM'S) which has created a vacancy at Brighton, it is announced that the Conservative leaders there have not yet selected a candidate, and are unlikely to come to any conclusion immediately. And yet it is not many years since Brighton Tories had the sharp lesson of losing two apparently safe seats, not indeed by want of preparation, but by sheer mismanagement and over-confidence.

To us the result of the Elgin and Nairn election seems far more discouraging than that of the Peterborough contest, although in this case the event does not "count two on a division," but, on the contrary, leaves matters as they were. Some local reasons might probably be assigned to help out the explanation of Mr. LOGAN'S defeat; but though these ought not to be neglected, they are of the less public importance that they, or something like them, apply in all cases, and probably neither benefit nor injure one side more than the other in the long run. Other considerations are more disquieting. It is the custom of some persons when they are beaten to find comfort in extolling the formidableness of the enemy. We cannot pay any such compliment to Mr. SEYMOUR KEAY. He is, with the possible exception of Mr. CONYBEARE (who, by the way, seems to have come out of prison in a singularly crabbed temper), the nearest approach to the legendary black footman of the legendary boroughmonger that can be imagined. He possesses neither ability, nor distinction, nor public services, nor great wealth, nor local interest, nor family connexion. Except the recommendation of Mr. GLADSTONE, and a collection of heterogeneous and partly self-contradictory fads huddled up at secondhand, he had absolutely no claims on the electors. Nor is this all. An examination of the figures confirms certain prophecies of the CASSANDRA kind which have been made here and elsewhere about Unionist candidatures in many places, and particularly in Scotland. The 1886 contest, when also a Gladstonian candidate beat a Liberal-Unionist, but by a smaller majority and on a much smaller poll, is not particularly instructive; for no Tory stood, and there were evidently large abstentions on both sides. But in 1885 a Tory and two Liberals went to the poll, the latter very fairly representing the moderate and the extreme sections of the Liberal party. Against them the Tory, the late BRODIE of Brodie, polled 1,566 votes; and, as between his two opponents every Liberal of any shade had a chance of voting for a candidate of his own colour, it is improbable that BRODIE polled a single Liberal vote. There were, therefore, four years ago between fifteen and sixteen hundred pure Tories in Morayshire and Nairn. Nor is there any reason of any kind for supposing that there are fewer now. But Mr. LOGAN, the Liberal-Unionist candidate, polled on Tuesday only 2,044, or less than five hundred more than the separate Tory vote of four years ago. We do not see that any conclusion but one of two is possible from these facts. Either the Liberal-Unionists, for some reason or other, refused to support their own candidate—one of themselves, a local man, a popular man, and of unblemished Liberal record—or it was

found impossible to bring anything like the full Tory strength to the poll in support of a Liberal, even though that Liberal was agent for the greatest Tory landowner of the district and fully accepted by the party leaders. Abstention on the part of one section or of the other must have been the case; and, if so, it is only a fresh illustration of a difficulty which has occurred over and over again in Scotland, and notably at Ayr. The repugnance of individual voters to support or combine with the men, the colours, the side against which they have often fought, and hope to fight again, is too strong to be vanquished, especially in the modified excitement of a bye-election. The determination of voters—the ignorant, blind, but still honest determination—to "back their side" leads them to support even such a candidate as Mr. KEAY. That Mr. KEAY'S wild promises and wilder theories may have attracted fishermen and crofters, labourers and artisans, to some extent is possible. It seems to be believed by those who are on the spot and should know: and it is a very disagreeable possibility. But it cannot have been this alone that seated him.

This is a very serious matter, and it is one which ought to engage earnest attention, all the more so that the cry of "Home Rule for Scotland" is not unlikely to prove a serious difficulty before long, and will put a fresh lever in the hands of Gladstonian candidates, whether they be political adventurers or honest, if absurd, "cranks," such as we believe Mr. KEAY may be pronounced to be. The progress of time has not lessened the difficulty; it has rather increased it. The mismanagement of Scotch electioneering, which Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL followed all those who know in commenting upon, has, no doubt, something to do with the matter. It must be remembered, indeed, that the more effective the party machinery on the Tory side becomes, the greater will be the jealousy on the Liberal. But this must be faced. The irrational charm with which the name of Mr. GLADSTONE works on Scotchmen has probably weakened the force of the Liberal-Unionist party among them more than elsewhere; certainly nowhere have they recently made so bad a fight. Perhaps some good might be done by providing candidates not local, so that local jealousy and the memory of old contests might be avoided, but of sufficient distinction to reconcile both parties to their support. Unfortunately the supply of such candidates is neither inexhaustible nor even large; and they can hardly be expected to contest risky seats in Scotland when safe ones in England are open to them.

MR. PARNELL AND IRELAND.

CONSIDERATIONS of health may, as Mr. PARNELL says, have "prevented him from crossing to Ireland for the opening of the new Tenants' Organization in Tipperary"; but they certainly could not have compelled him to administer a *douche* so liberal in amount and so low in temperature as he has just poured upon the undertaking to which he is unable to lend his personal assistance. Anything more chilly and discouraging than the statement of views which Mr. PARNELL has requested Mr. SEXTON to "lay before the Convention" on his behalf it is not easy to imagine. The very proposition from which he starts—namely, that "the working of the movement should, he advises, be limited to defensive action"—is a departure from the original principle of that movement, which was to be one, not for defence, but for reprisals. It was, indeed, as good as admitted, almost by the Parnellites themselves, that there was nothing against which nor anybody against whom the Tipperary tenants required to be defended. They were to be invited to make common cause with tenants in other parts of Ireland for whom such defence was required by themselves assuming the offensive. It is true that Mr. PARNELL goes on to say that "special regard should be paid to certain objects," which he proceeds to enumerate, and that the first of these is described, in English leaving something to be desired, as "the duty of protecting tenants from the landlord conspiracy, and who are prevented by this cause from availing themselves of the benefits intended by Parliament for the tenant's advantage." This, however, as it stands must appear to a faithful follower somewhat disagreeably vague. Protecting *what* tenants from the landlord conspiracy? he may ask. If Mr. PARNELL only means that the organization is to protect those particular tenants who are menaced by a direct attempt on the part of one of the conspiring landlords—their own—to oppressively

and unjustly extract from them the rents they have agreed to pay, then the new and pretentious "Tenants' Organization" is simply the old Plan of Campaign writ large, and its programme is a much smaller affair than its promoters set out with when they proposed to get Tipperary tenants to rise against a Tipperary landlord with whom they had no quarrel, in order to punish him for belonging to a "land-lord conspiracy," which was at that moment prosecuting its machinations against defaulting debtors in another county altogether. There is, in fact, nearly as important a difference between the original and the reduced programme as there was between the limited strike which Mr. JOHN BURNS succeeded in organizing and the "general strike" which, until he thought better of it, he contemplated getting up. Add to this that the very redundancies of Mr. PARNELL's grammar appear to suggest a further limitation of his advice. To protect tenants "from the landlord conspiracy, and who are prevented by this cause from availing themselves of the benefits intended by Parliament for the tenants' advantage," seems intended to limit the intervention of the new League to the case of those tenants alone who are unable to take the benefit of the Land Acts either of 1881 or 1887, which would be to restrict the action of that organization within even narrower limits than that of the Plan of Campaign.

Nor in Mr. PARNELL's further exposition of what he conceives to be the object of the new movement is there anything which the agitators of his party can regard as much more to the purpose. He proposes to them as another main end of their undertaking "the assertion of the rights of freedom of speech and public meeting now so wantonly assailed by the horde of unscrupulous partisans who administer much of the executive and judicial function of the country." Talk of this kind does well enough for the English Radical gallery; and of course Mr. PARNELL always has to speak with the consciousness that his utterances must be made pleasing to these far from all-wise gods. But as a leader of Irish agitators addressing his followers he is talking what he and they alike know to be the emptiest bunkum. Freedom of speech and right of public meeting can be asserted, they are both perfectly well aware, by anybody who chooses to refrain from open incitement to breaches of the law; while they are equally conscious of the fact that the action of "the hordes of unscrupulous partisans" has been almost invariably sustained, whenever there has been an opportunity of challenging it, by the highest tribunals in Ireland. There must be mighty little satisfaction to be got out of the exchange of these calumnious platitudes between persons who neither deceive nor are deceived by them; and we may be quite sure that the militant section of the Parnellites would much rather have heard from their leader some practical suggestion for carrying on the war against the Government than have listened to mere hollow abuse of removable magistrates. The same species of criticism applies to Mr. PARNELL's definition of the third object of the movement—which he says is to be the vindication of "the same facilities for combination and organization which are secured to English working-men by the Trades-Union enactments." Now there is no more about confiscating rent or shooting tenants in the legs in the Trades-Union enactments than there is, *teste* Mr. Midshipman EASY, about a bread-bag in the Articles of War; and of course Mr. PARNELL knows equally well with those whom he is addressing that, if combination and organization among the Irish tenants stopped short of the above-mentioned developments, the facilities therefor would be as unrestricted in Ireland as they are in England. We have said that Mr. PARNELL knows this as well as those whom he addresses—as a matter of fact, he knows it better, since he is clearer-headed than many and cooler-headed than any of them. And he surely must have been bent upon adding a perceptible touch of irony to his letter when he closes it with the remark that "these aims"—that is, the three objects enumerated—"will, if governed and regulated by the rules and constitution already suggested at the meeting of the Irish party, sufficiently meet the crisis which has called the new organization into existence." His followers must feel, we should think, that, if "the crisis" can be really met by any operations of so limited a scope as those above defined, it must be a crisis of too mild a description to justify it in calling any new organization into existence.

It is little to be wondered at that this singularly uninspiring letter of Mr. PARNELL's has been passed over by the whole party, English and Irish, in total silence. One

hardly sees, indeed, how they could well comment on it without calling public attention to certain facts which they would much rather should escape notice altogether. There seems every reason, on the face of matters, to believe that Mr. PARNELL's real attitude towards the new organization, of which he speaks in terms of such coldly distant politeness, is much the same as that which he assumed from the first and maintained throughout towards the Plan of Campaign; only that, if anything, to put the matter colloquially, it is "more so." What he thought of the Plan was stated by him with much frankness on one well-remembered occasion in the House of Commons. He did not approve of its principle; and had he been consulted, which he was not, about its adoption, he would have opposed it. These, however, being his opinions on the subject of that notable conspiracy of "public plunder"—to use an expression which Mr. GLADSTONE sometimes dreams that he employed in a former state of existence—we may fairly suppose that he holds similar, but even more decided, views with regard to the new movement. For this second enterprise of Mr. O'BRIEN's conception was determined upon and set on foot in apparently just as complete independence of Mr. PARNELL's ideas and wishes in the matter as was the case with the Plan of Campaign; and, whereas the Plan did here and there work after a fashion which, by a little manipulation of the facts, could be represented as successful, the new movement opened with a ludicrous fiasco. Its complete collapse on Mr. SMITH BARRY's estate was sufficient of itself to ruin the prospects of any agitation; and, as a matter of fact, until the appearance of the letter from Mr. PARNELL the public had almost forgotten the very existence of the new organization, which was to combine all the tenants of Ireland against all the landlords, and which was to command the services of an indefinite number of tenants ready to withhold rents with which they were perfectly satisfied and to get themselves evicted from holdings which they had no desire to quit, whenever that magnanimous act of self-sacrifice should be required of them in the interests of some other tenants, hundreds of miles off perhaps, who happened not to be satisfied with their rents or to have been bullied or cajoled by agitators into courting eviction by withholding them. These heroes do not seem to have been forthcoming in the expected abundance, and, in consequence, the "new organization" has receded of late a good deal into the background. This somewhat frigid benediction of Mr. PARNELL's recalls attention to it; but only to show in the act of doing so, not merely that the Nationalist leader has got tired of the work of agitation himself—for that has been his condition this long time—but that he evidently entertains a considerable doubt, to which he perhaps feels that it would be impolitic to give expression, whether the game of agrarian agitation itself is not played out so far as the English public is concerned, and whether it would not be the best thing for the agitator to sit down and whisle patiently for a Home Rule wind from some other point of the compass.

SCHOOL STRIKES.

NOTHING in the French Revolution was more pleasing, to a liberal eye, than the spectacle of children decapitating birds with a toy guillotine. In 1830, as the Laureate says, "The little boys begin to shoot and stab," and "a kingdom topples over with a shriek." Now, in England, the little boys begin to shout and strike, like their elders; a beautiful proof of what imitation can do, and most hopeful omen of the future. The children are striking for Free Education, No Home Lessons, No Punishment, One Free Meal, and so forth. These are advanced demands; but who can call them unnatural? If the whole artisan class were to strike for Three Free Meals no doubt they would have sympathizers; and perhaps they might as well do this at once, and save bother with pitiful details. In some districts—some backward, benighted districts—the children on strike are whopped by their very parents, who are not in the modern movement. We understand that they have, however, no trouble with "blacklegs"; that few boys insist on going to school on the old oppressive terms, and, therefore, have to be kicked into a more honourable frame of mind. Probably most sympathy will be felt among the ranks of the New Journalism for the boys who strike against Grammar. It is plain that many eminent writers in the more active portion of the

press really had private strikes of their own against this intolerable infliction; just as ST. AUGUSTINE and SIR WALTER SCOTT struck against Greek, and wholly declined to learn *ῥήματα*. Master HARRY FAIRCHILD also struck against Latin, refusing to master its earliest rudiments, not that he could not easily do so, but because, as he said, there would be no end to it if once he began. This strike, as being isolated, was readily settled by Mr. FAIRCHILD. He lived in times of government and order; but we presume that the striking children will carry their point. Their methods differ from those of their ancestors. Of old, in Miss EDGEWORTH's time, boys barred the master out. Now they refuse to go in, which is a far better plan. If their parents are on the side of law and order, the strike of the schools will soon be ended. But, when they take the part of their offspring, as is natural in the *ἰσχυρὴ ἐμπνομή*, then, we presume, Grammar must be abolished, and Free Meals must be paid for at once by the non-striking portion of the population.

We welcome the new agitation the more gladly as it seems to bring us a step nearer to childhood suffrage. To give a vote to every infant who has learned to speak plainly (however ungrammatically) is only a rational and normal development of our present system. Any intelligent child is just as fit to make up his mind on many questions of foreign and domestic policy as a great proportion of the actual constituencies. At a very early age a child can throw stones with accuracy and address; even girls are by no means incapable of this argument, whatever the opponents of female suffrage may declare. Reforms are invariably won by stone-throwing; and this boon, perhaps, ought to be conceded before the windows are broken, especially as the movement may coincide with a strike of glaziers. We are in favour of directing and pretending to lead a genuinely popular movement rather than in making concessions after having our eyes and teeth knocked out. That the school strike is the result of the delay in conceding Home Rule is so obvious that we have not thought it necessary to dwell on the point. But it may be agreeable to Mr. GLADSTONE to have this frankly and freely acknowledged before he asserts it himself.

CRETE.

AT last the shriekers about Crete have succeeded in getting what, in their own innocent way, they regard as "evidence" of Turkish barbarities in Crete. That is to say, they have procured an *ex parte* statement containing a certain number of names of persons and places and a very few dates. On examining this statement it is found that, as usual, violent and highly coloured language is used to drape exceedingly vague and slender facts. The inclusion in the list of "persons escaped to Greece" is typical of its character—unless, indeed, it be admitted that the fact of one side having run away is a proof that the other side committed brutalities. The statement that "the knout works terribly" should be of interest to Russians rather than to Turks. The statement that, "if the Imperial troops cannot find any [bread], they demand 'it,'" is not of itself indicative of very terrible or atrocious tyranny. Of the class of outrages out of which, justly enough, most capital can be made absolutely no particulars are given, and the accusation is confined to the statement, worthy of a seventeenth-century *Postboy* or *Newsman*, that "the last advices from the district of Apokorona report that soldiers have violated Christian women." The names of unarmed persons given as "killed" amount to exactly three, which, even if it were true (and of this not a shadow of evidence is offered), is surely no very large butcher's bill for the suppression of an armed insurrection, where the innocent are sure to suffer with the guilty. In short, the whole indictment, when examined, resolves itself into the usual tissue of accusations hollow within and unsupported from without, which never would be entertained against any thing or person in this world except a lodging-house cat or a Turkish Commissioner, and would never be entertained at all by any person in this world less gullible or less unscrupulous than a Gladstonian journalist.

Let it be most distinctly understood that we have not the slightest intention of denying that rough treatment may have been in some cases inflicted on the Cretans, or of defending oppression. It is true that there is as yet absolutely no evidence of any outrages; and SHAKIR Pasha's repeated denial is, considering the character and intelli-

gence of the speaker, conclusive, as far as it goes—that is to say, as to any widespread or authorized "atrocities." But it is far too likely that isolated acts of misconduct have occurred, and some respectable, though still vague, testimony seems to show that they have. It would have been very strange indeed if they had not. The unscrupulous eagerness of the Atrocity-mongers to implicate SHAKIR Pasha, and the loathsome hypocrisy which makes the party of Mr. MORLEY and Mr. BRADLAUGH raise the cuckoo cry of persecuted Christianity in regard to Cretan Caravats and Shanavests, no doubt magnify in all cases, and in many cases invent, hardships. But whatever these hardships are (and it is most earnestly to be hoped that the Turkish authorities will take trouble not only to prevent them in future, but to disprove those falsely alleged in the past), it is certain, in the first place, that the Cretans have brought them on themselves, and in the second place, that they are not due to SHAKIR Pasha's orders. A correspondent, writing from the very hotbed of lies—from Athens itself—can find nothing to say against SHAKIR except that he "has apparently determined, if possible, 'to arrest all those who were in any way compromised' in the late rising." A plain man would suppose that this was exactly what SHAKIR Pasha ought to do; but Atrocity-mongers are not exactly plain men. It is SHAKIR's duty to bring to justice those who were guilty of the rising, to punish those most guilty with moderation but firmness, to let the rest off with a warning, and to re-establish the SULTAN's authority throughout the island. In doing this it is inevitable that some hardships to innocent persons, and perhaps some excessive punishment to guilty ones, should occur. It is the insurgents' fault that a large force of partly undisciplined and uncivilized troops, commanded by officers no doubt in some cases ignorant and bigoted, has had to be drafted into the island. SHAKIR Pasha cannot be everywhere, and his orders are doubtless sometimes disobeyed where he is not. But he cannot possibly exercise too much vigilance over his subordinates, or explain too clearly to them that any unnecessary violence will play the insurgents' game. Meanwhile the Powers will gladly support him and his master in defeating foreign machinations and in punishing proved offenders by due form of law; and fair allowance will, of course, be made for the incidents of what is practically a state of siege, provoked by those who are suffering from its effects.

OCEAN OXEN.

ANY person under whose eyes come most of the new books that are published would surmise, with little hesitation, that nobody had ever been cured of stammering except by his own efforts, and that everybody who had ever cured himself of stammering had written a book explaining how he did it. It seems that this surmise would not be borne out by the facts. Mr. A. G. BERNARD, a gentleman with some medical qualifications, has published his experiences of that nature (London: J. & A. CHURCHILL), partly because, "so far as the author knows, there is no reliable manual on the subject." It is terrible to think how many such manuals that are not "reliable"—assuming, without prejudice, that anything could be—must be scattered about in unconsidered corners of the world. Anyhow, Mr. BERNARD "for many years stammered 'badly himself,' and he cured himself by a strict observance of nine rules, which are printed in his book for the benefit of stammering mankind. It is only necessary to add that, in Mr. BERNARD's opinion, when stammering is caused or aggravated by "irregularities in or absence of the teeth," these misfortunes "ought, when possible, to be seen to by 'the dentist.'" The advice is cautious, and might be extended to the general reader without any great harm. One cannot say the same of another piece of advice on the same page, which is that the stammerer should fortify his nervous system by the consumption of "one teaspoonful twice daily, 'after meals,' of a cheerful mixture of arsenic and strychnine."

Of course Mr. BERNARD begins by explaining how speech is produced. Then he gets on to his rules, which are nine in number, and provide substantially that the patient is to repeat the "exercises" which follow, "slowly, deliberately, and distinctly, six times," and then learn them by heart, and thereafter go on repeating them to himself, "or some 'friend, slowly and distinctly, three or four times a day.'" It is astonishing what obliging friends some people seem to

have. For general purposes of conversation the main rule is, "Do not attempt to speak unless you know exactly what you wish to say. Then weigh your words, and utter them in clear and measured tones." Also two dodges are taught. The first is, if it is absolutely impossible to speak the exercises without stammering, to begin by intoning them; and the other is to avoid difficulties where you can by running the preceding word into the difficult one. Thus, if you cannot manage the p in "cumb'rous pomp," you go on hissing at the end of "cumb'rous" so as to say "cumb'rous-spomp." Spomp is a pleasant word in itself, besides being easier than pomp; but why "cumb'rous" instead of "cumbrous" does not clearly appear.

The exercises consist half of standard works—or standard dwords—and half of original rhymes. The former are, of course, more or less maimed—for instance, "Gray's Elegy" is relieved of the flower that blushes unseen—but the latter are charming. The patient learns lines like these:—"Dee, devil, diver, dive, Drain, drivel, driver, drive"; and these:—"Inner, idiot, is. Woe, wither, was. Over, ocean, ox. Honey, haven, hiss." These are to be learnt by heart; and "then whenever you have a moment's leisure go over them again, slowly, audibly, and distinctly." Then we get to longer lines, such as "Blowing, blighted, blatant, blot," and "Dirty, daughter, dapple, dose," and eventually cast off the shackles of alliteration, and become vigorously rhythmic, as in "Responsive, harmonious, unwomanly, prance, Detective, disgusting, disorderly, dance." There is a great deal more of it, and it all appears to be open to the objection of being too nearly sense. How can a stammerer concentrate his attention upon articulation when his mind is distracted by speculation as to whether there is any and what difference between a Dee devil and an Ocean ox? The address to the blot, which might be used by any hasty writer, is simply an essay in expletion, so suggestive of still more violent and unseemly expressions that even persons of the softer-spoken sex could hardly refrain from improving upon it, while the prance and dance of the couplet last quoted can hardly fail to set the ill-regulated mind roving in the footsteps of Councillor MACDOUGALL. Altogether Mr. BERNARD's method seems to us too exciting for the patient and too disagreeable for his neighbours, and we cannot unreservedly commend it.

THE STRIKE MANIA.

THE good seed sown by Cardinal MANNING and Lord Mayor WHITEHEAD appears to be germinating with the rapidity of good seed—and also, according to the proverb, of ill weeds. The movement for creating Unions among women prospers, and an apt illustration of what follows upon Unions has been given by the gas-stokers' strike at Bristol. It is satisfactory to know that even the wise promoters of the former movement do not for the present propose, as it was falsely reported, to include domestic servants in it. It may be confidently said that, if there is a single class of wage-earners in the world who are as a class in clover, it is the class of female domestic servants in England. Such a thing as a good servant who is for any length of time out of place is practically unknown. Competing mistresses jump at any one who is even a decent cook of the "plainest" description; and no girl of tolerable physique who has learnt to put a dish on the table without hitting the heads of more than two sitters thereat, or to carry a tray of cups and saucers without shedding it on the kitchen-stairs more than once out of six times, has the slightest difficulty in obtaining a situation where everything she can want except dress is provided, and a money payment not very much smaller than that on which some agricultural labourers have to lodge and maintain their wives and families is added. The sole purpose for which a Union is really required among domestic servants is that of a friendly Society to encourage them to economize—with a view to marriage, old age, or sickness—the wages on which they have so little real call, and on which they are probably more extravagant, and more foolishly extravagant, than any other class. The sole result which a Union would, as a matter of fact, be likely to bring about would be, not the material benefiting of the class in any way, but the removal of that little remnant of decent behaviour to their employers which still differentiates them from their sisters in Australia and America. If the Bishop of BEDFORD had really had any such scheme in view he had better, at the

same time that he drew up the rules for his Union, have spent a minute or two on the revision of the Church Catechism.

Meanwhile it is agreeable to turn from theory to practice, and observe the real as distinguished from the paper blessings of strikes. The Bristol gasmen, it seems, in order to obtain an advance of wages, not merely from the not exactly starvation rate of thirty shillings a week, but from the five-and-thirty already offered them, threatened their fellow-citizens with darkness tempered by paraffin. That, according to our modern principles, they had a sacred right to do. But, adopting and bettering Mr. MONRO's views as to intimidation, they have gone further, and taken measures in order to stop the importation of persons to supply their places which even Mr. MONRO would probably regard as fair subjects for, let us say, a report. They picketed all the railway-stations, the gas-works, and the main roads before they themselves left work. They stoned the first batch of blacklegs. They mobbed the railway-station platforms. They barricaded Bristol Bridge with vehicles. They seem, in some cases, to have carried, if they did not use, firearms. The directors, in admiration of men so well "in touch with modern thought," have knuckled down. Had they not done so, it would only have remained for Cardinal MANNING—or, rather, for the so-called Bishop of CLIFTON, together with the Mayor of BRISTOL, and, in a half-hearted kind of way, the Bishop of GLOUCESTER—to bestow blessings, aid, and co-operation upon persons who have so thoroughly demonstrated their understanding of the rights and duties of labour. The inhabitants of Bristol, if their pleasures and business (except in the case of such of them as pursue the employment or vocation of burglary with its kindred crafts) had been hampered by darkness, would have held, of course, that it was the fault of the brutal obstinacy of the directors. And so things will go on, until some day or other one of those relapses of common sense which come (generally assisted by some sharp pinch of experience) to all nations opens the eyes of Englishmen generally to the fact that the aggressive, rampaging striker is a public enemy of the worst kind, and that he must be put down at all costs. If that ever happens, the irony of history warrants the expectation that it will happen: when a Radical-Democratic Government is in power.

THE SONGS OF THE COUNTY COUNCIL.

FLETCHER of Saltoun, in one of his early leading articles in the *Daily Telegraph*, made a remark about songs which it is needless to repeat. The London County Council goes further than the Scotch gentleman whose fame depends on a single saying. It wishes to make both the songs and the laws of a people, or, at least, to interfere with both. What the L.C.C. will not have is vulgarity and "excessive kicking," which, it seems, in music-halls accompanies the song. Who is to be the judge of what kicking is excessive? The "blackleg" who is kicked in the higgling of the market may think that excessive which a County Councillor looks on as merely adequate. Yet that very amount of kicking might, by the same Councillor, be thought redundant on the lyric stage. Then as to vulgarity, who is to draw the line? If the public may spend its pence and halfpence on the New Journalism, why not on the new comic song? At that haunt of a doomed but profligate aristocracy, the "Rosemary Branch," Camberwell, a song called "A Way they have in the Navy" is chanted. "Mr. ELLIOTT said that, in the opinion of hon. members" (of the L.C.C.), "it might be considered somewhat suggestive." What an indefinite offence is this! In the opinion of hon. members *Measure for Measure* may be "somewhat suggestive." As Mr. ELLIOTT remarked, in the interests of the "Rosemary Branch," it "was very difficult for a proprietor to draw the line." It is very difficult, and we would venture to suggest a method by which the line may be drawn. Do not let the Councillors go about, like HAROUN ALRASHIDS, to spy on the amusements of the people. Let every song be submitted to them in Council before it is sung in public, and let the singer be on oath to give the lyric as it will be given on the stage. Then a majority of the County Council can "draw the line," and save the proprietor from his legitimate anxiety. This æsthetic censorship will occupy the time of the Council harmlessly and in the interests of taste. We certainly have no wish that the people, or any of the minority of the population, should take joy in dull or

dirty songs. Nothing would please us better than if the Council published Mr. BULLEN's Elizabethan song-books with the music, and restricted music-halls to these when they are not suggestive. The privately-printed volume may be suggestive; we do not ask the Council to insist on "A Dialogue between Castodorus and Arabella." The Council might be more eclectic, might give us "The London County Council's Book of Songs," and include DIBDIN, when he does not write of MOLL and MEG. "The Lass of Richmond Hill," as Mr. POLAND said, might be included, and some of BURNS's, in compliment to the name. "Why don't they do it?" as the song says—the song of disputed elegance. Mr. HURLEY, of the "Rose and Crown," is quite prepared to give only such songs as the Council really appreciates and recommends. Perhaps the Council might write its own songs, because then vulgarity would be quite out of the question. Lord ROSEBERY might try his hand with a chorus, "Dalmeny, O Dalmeny!" It might advocate Land Nationalization. Mr. BURNS might adapt his namesake's verses to the demands of Labour. Even if the time of mere statesmen is too much occupied, if they cannot write their own songs, they might superintend a kind of County Council Hymnal, licensed to be sung in music-halls. There seems to be no other perfect way in which the County Council can absolutely eradicate vulgarity. Yet is it not a pretty thing to hear them *de vulgaritate* (it will not scan, but it makes excellent sense) *querentes*?

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

IF Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL were only sensible of his advantages and disadvantages, and, being aware of them, did firmly and consistently regulate his conduct in accordance with the knowledge, he would be a happier man, a more fortunate man, and useful to his country beyond anything that he can boast of yet. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN is reported to have said of himself, at a critical juncture in his own affairs as well as the affairs of the United Kingdom, that he had as much personal ambition as anybody. So, no doubt, he thought; but in that case he could hardly have cast an observant eye on Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. There stands one whose personal ambition—which of course may be closely joined to ambitions of a different and a nobler kind—manifestly exceeds that of any other politician of the time. Now personal ambition, if it is to be of much use to its possessor, should be associated with a willingness and a capacity for self-appraisal; and perhaps it is one of the reasons why student-politicians fail so often that they study everything but themselves. Lord RANDOLPH is not the student that Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN is, or Mr. MORLEY, or even as Mr. SHAW LEFEBVRE; but he reads, he works, he is capable of grubbing even; and yet he seems never to have turned his attention to the prime inquiry, What is my strength and what are my limitations? If he would only grub a little in that field of inquiry, taking fair account of such advantages as some may call adventitious and the equally real disadvantages that he may consider accidental, a chastened but still abounding ambition might carry him to solid ground at last. It is not too late for that investigation, but neither is it too soon; because those upon whose judgment he depends for success have been at work on the same inquiry for a long time, and he is in some danger that a general capacity for failure may be inferred from what is really misdirected effort and the distraction of unguided energy.

That Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has many qualifications for success is certain; and certain it is, too, that those qualifications are precisely the most serviceable for personal ambition. Other aspirants for a high place in the world may be more fortunate in the charm that radiates on all alike and is denied by few or none. But political power is no longer the gift of coteries; a change which Lord RANDOLPH himself has done more than any single individual to bring about. The only charm that works to much effect nowadays is that which is exerted in speech from public platforms; and it would be difficult to name any new man of the time who is better equipped with that rare and inestimable faculty than Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. True, it has never been properly trained in him. The use of it as a kind of musical instrument he has never achieved with the mastery of some other men of a past or passing day, and it is often marred in his hands by a passion misapplied and the very reverse of artistic. There it is, how-

ever; a great endowment. It is not a small matter that a man with so many subtle platform-attractions should be "my lord." It is more that he should be industrious, if the industry is sometimes heedless; more still that he should be gifted with swift perceptions, instant readiness, great courage, a complete audacity. To two of these qualities he owes his sudden uprising from the low horizon to the zenith of political power a few years ago. He saw that the whole body of rank-and-file Conservatives, together with some who hardly come into that description, were on the brink of revolt against the traditional habit of their leaders to treat the party as a kind of private property, to be directed by subordinate agents from a central office in London. Putting their own interpretation on his cry of Tory Democracy, the party "rose at him" when he lifted that cry with all the courage of his character. That made him; and in itself it was as fortunate a stroke for the party as for Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. Into what followed we need not enter. The great success of his life is merely recalled in illustration of qualities which he may yet make serviceable, to his own renown, if he will follow the advice tendered herewith in all becoming modesty. If he had never needed such counsel he would never have fallen into the prodigious errors that confounded and destroyed what was almost a complete dictatorship for the moment, and which he fancied a dictatorship assured and unassailable. Had he known himself then, he would have known that he really is not equal to the direction of every department of State at the same time. Had he searched his bosom for fixed principles, he would have found none that were likely to shine through all the storms that some other weaknesses were likely to bring about him. Moreover, reason and observation would have stepped in to inform him that the absence of fixed principles is soon detected where there is no Gladstonian glamour (which is unique) to conceal it, and when detected proves surely if slowly fatal. If these discoveries and deductions had been made at the right time, how much of suicidal error would have been avoided when Lord RANDOLPH was Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons—not to speak of some other mistakes, since committed, which we will set down to the disorders of impatience and irritation!

But, as we have said, "too late" is not yet a word of fatal significance for Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL; or so we may reasonably think after reading the speech which he recently delivered at Perth. True, this is not the first time since his out-fling from the Ministry that he has come forward as a steady, sober politician, willing to conform to the doctrines of the true Church; but only to break out again in raging heresy. Some such explosion there was not many weeks ago. That, however, we may pass. It need not be always thus, and at any rate there can be no doubt of one thing: the Perth speech was a very good one. Even those who look upon Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL with suspicion and dislike must acknowledge that (as a friendly commentator put it) the Perth speech displayed, not only loyalty to the cause of the Union, but a considerate and even generous attitude towards the Unionist Government; though of course (and here the friendly commentator is equally right) he did not conceal his belief that he would himself have carried out the policy that has been pursued somewhat differently, and more successfully. True; but we need not mind that much. The speech was a good one and a bold one. Its courage, indeed, was the most remarkable thing about it. Addressing a Scotch audience, not every public speaker, however confident, would have ventured on exemplifying the blessings of the Irish connexion with England by reminding his hearers of the poverty, the debasement, the sheer barbarism that prevailed in Scotland before that country was brought into union with more civilized regions in the South. The venture was not too much, however, for Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, who scrupled not to scourge the tenderest feeling of human nature—the *amour propre* of the Scotch—in enforcing a significant political illustration. Exception might be taken to its aptitude, no doubt; for one reason, because the Lowland Scotch are not of different blood from the English, as the Irish are, and because the Scotch race has flourished in Ireland under English rule already, while the Irish have not—or not as much by far. However, it was by no means a bad argument in its way; indeed, the speech all through was argument of a steady, sober kind. It has been said that Lord RANDOLPH made it so because the Scotch people like

that mode of address best, being a hard-headed people with a taste for reasoning. Could he not be persuaded to try the same method in England? If it failed to do an English audience as much good as a Scottish one, good to himself it would certainly do. Discipline is the one thing needful for Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL; discipline of pride, discipline of temper; the cultivation and ordering of principle; the adjustment of ambition to the particular gifts and capacities at his command, and the withdrawal of it from ground to which they do not extend; and if he would govern his speech generally by the thought, reading, and reasoning which he bestowed on the Scotch the other day, he would help himself somewhat to the discipline and the reforms that are needed to replace him in his lost position in English statesmanship.

LORD DERBY ON EVENING SCHOOLS.

THERE are occasions when the least impassioned form of appeal is the most effective, and it is probable that the case for recreative evening schools has never been put in a manner more calculated to impress the judgment, as distinct from the emotions, in its favour than the manner adopted by Lord DERBY the other night at Manchester. Of the "three separate, but not unconnected objects, which the promoters of these classes 'have in view,'" Lord DERBY insisted most, and very wisely so, on the third—for it is the third which is really responsible for the schools' descriptive prefix—and, as their advocate frankly admitted, it is this prefix which is calculated to give pause to the judicious. If merely to provide amusement, even harmless amusement, had been the object of this movement, "I should," he said, "have wished it well; but I think you would not have seen me 'on this platform.'" We have rather too much amusement in these days. "It seems to be thought that nobody can 'possibly be expected to do what is wearisome, and that to 'be entertained is one of the first necessities of life.'" Personally," added Lord DERBY, "I do not see things in 'that way.'" Nor do we. And it is for that reason that any mere attempt to gild the pill of education has to be called upon to give a strict account of itself. Now its account of itself as regards the first two out of the three objects specified by Lord DERBY is not altogether satisfactory. The evening school which is to "help in the extension of technical instruction" may only too probably turn out to afford a doubtful assistance to a project of which the merits are themselves not free from doubt. Again, the evening school which is to "help young 'men who have a turn for culture, whether scientific, 'literary, or artistic, to develop their faculties,'" is an institution which, if it is to contribute to that object at all, ought, in these days at any rate, certainly not to be "recreative." If, or in so far as, the evening school is conducted on the culture-made-easy principle, it will be about one of the worst places to which a boy who has left school with "a turn for culture, whether scientific, literary, or 'artistic,'" could betake himself of evenings. The best thing such a boy can do—in fact, the only thing he can do to discover how much the "turn" aforesaid is really worth, and whether his ambition is or is not a mere "Will-o'-the-'Wisp" luring him fatally aside from his true vocation in life—is to test himself by the old-fashioned methods of hard private study and patient private trial and practice of his own "scientific, literary, or artistic" powers. To go anywhere for the avoidance of the "wearisome," to seek the combination of "amusement and instruction," is for this class of youth, at any rate, to set foot in a snare.

In fact, the pertinent question "Why recreative?" can only be said to answer itself at all in the case of the third object which the evening school proposes to itself; and in that case the answer is, we think, sufficient. This last of its functions is, as Lord DERBY describes it, "to help boys 'of the ordinary sort—not exceptionally bright or exceptionally studious, but boys with a good deal of human 'nature in them—to find some decent, harmless, and pleasant occupation for the hours which are not taken up by 'work, and which, in the absence of such occupation, will 'almost certainly be wasted in idleness, and very probably 'wasted in mischief.'" Considered from the point of view of this function, it is, of course, evident that the evening school may be as "recreative" as you please; and, indeed, that it must be recreative enough to please the boys, or they will not come to it. How their scholastic recreation is to be made compatible with the maintenance

of that amount of serious study which could alone make the school serviceable to the "extension of technical 'instruction,'" or to the needs of the young man with the turn for culture, scientific, literary, or artistic, is obviously a problem not easy to be solved; but it is certainly not for us to pronounce it insoluble. Inasmuch, too, as we have no overwhelmingly strong faith in the utility of the evening schools for these two last-mentioned purposes, we are the less concerned to dwell upon that part of the subject. There can be no doubt that "What to do with 'our boys in the evenings'" is, as Lord DERBY says, a grave question in all classes of life, and one which deepens in gravity as you descend the social scale. And we are certainly disposed to hold that an evening school which did no more than compete successfully—even if it sought the, perhaps illicit, aids of draughts and bagatelle—with the gas-lit streets and the refreshment-bars would justify its existence more fully than many a more ambitious institution.

MORE POLICE MAGISTRATES.

IT is not many weeks since the contents-bills of some of the less scrupulous evening newspapers bore the legend, "Loss of a Magistrate," and it was made known to the world that a police-magistrate who had left his home for the purpose of attending at a police-court, in the place of one of his colleagues, had not since been heard of. The public anxiety was on this occasion quickly appeased; for before long the missing gentleman appeared, and explained that he was not to blame for the confusion which had arisen. More recently similar troubles have occurred. A magistrate is requested to take some other magistrate's duty. Not being a bird, and having had his own work to do first, he arrives late. Then, we are told, "only the night charges could be 'taken. All the summonses had to be adjourned, and 'many of those having business at the court stated that, in 'consequence of the delay, they would lose their situations. 'Solicitors, doctors, and other professional men have also 'had to go away without being able to transact their 'business, and insane patients have been kept for hours in 'a cab in the prisonyard waiting for a magistrate's sanction 'to effect their removal to an asylum."

All this is much to be deplored, and the cause of the evil and its remedy are alike obvious to any one who has any acquaintance with the circumstances. The moving statement about persons who said they would lose their situations may be a romantic touch, or the persons who said so may have been of unnecessarily despondent temperaments; but the idea of a melancholy row of lunatics in four-wheelers waiting to be locked up ought to melt the hardest and most officially hide-bound hearts. The truth is that there are by no means enough metropolitan magistrates. Since the establishment of the present system there has been an increase in their number of about four; while the population for whose needs their services are required has perhaps doubled, and all manner of new duties have been put upon them, some of them of a complicated and arduous kind. They are, on the whole, a hard-worked body of men, and to expect them to do efficiently both their own work and that of any of their colleagues who may be accidentally prevented from attending their courts is unreasonable. As there is rather more than work enough for them all, no margin is left for accident, and the consequence is that the whole machine is thrown out of gear whenever anything unexpected occurs. Not only is one day's magisterial work enough for one magistrate, but when he has to do two, a large fraction of the available time is spent in going from one court to another, as the distances between them are in almost every case considerable. Experiences such as those recorded above show clearly that the existing staff ought to be increased sufficiently to make it practically certain that a magistrate will always be able to attend wherever and whenever a court is appointed to sit. It is to be hoped that the attention of the Home Office will be given to the matter before the meeting of Parliament.

"THE LUCK OF CONYBEARE."

MR. CONYBEARE is to be congratulated on the unbroken run of luck which he has lately had. His obtaining the advertisement of a conviction and sentence under the Crimes Act was not, of course, altogether a

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"fluke." He played for it, in a certain sense; but those who remember the circumstances of his offence and the proceedings against him will recollect that he only just "brought it off." It was, in fact, so near a thing that some malicious people professed to suspect him of having intended to keep on the windward side of the law, and to win the honours of the agitator without having to undergo the discomfort of the martyr. This, however, we believe to be a calumny, and we entirely acquit Mr. CONYBEARE of having got himself imprisoned only by pure accident, and against his own wishes or preference on that behalf. Still, as we have said, there was undoubtedly an element of luck about his conviction and imprisonment, and the same vein of good fortune has attended him ever since. No sooner, for instance, is he out of prison than he gets an opportunity, although Parliament is not sitting, of making a wholly gratuitous and unprovoked display of rowdiness in a public assembly. He has been able to give the London School Board a taste—and the first taste—of his House of Commons quality; he has been as rude to the Chairman as he would always be if he dared, or as he is when he can be with safety, to the Speaker; he was able to pose as the champion of a violated right, challenging abashed official Tyranny to remove him by force; and to actually taste the delight of having the hand of a sort of inferior Serjeant-at-Arms "laid on him" by the School Board messenger. We might be in full Parliamentary Session instead of in the dead unhappy recess. No "Scene in the House," we can fancy Mr. CONYBEARE reflecting with a thrill of proud satisfaction, could give him a finer column in Friday's newspaper:—

Mr. Conybeare then shouted, "You will best preserve the dignity of the Board by acting legally." (Cries of "Order.") "If you want to get rid of me by force —" cries of "Order" and "Chair" and other remarks drowned the rest of Mr. Conybeare's words, but the purport of them was to the effect that he would not go, that he would insist on speaking as a member.

The Chairman said he did not want to force Mr. Conybeare out of the room. The force he should use would not be such as to bring about a personal conflict.

Mr. Conybeare said he was there by right, and should speak.

The Chairman then asked Mr. Conybeare to retire. This he refused to do, and persisted in speaking.

The Chairman then directed the messenger to lay his hand on Mr. Conybeare with a view to removing him, and this was done. . . . Mr. Conybeare again entered his protest, and made some declaration about taking proceedings against the messenger.

What magnificent "copy"! Especially the scene with the messenger, whom Mr. CONYBEARE, unheard amid the uproar, was probably addressing in these historic words:—"Go, Monsieur, tell him who sent you [the Rev. J. R. DIGGLE] that I am here by the will of the People, and that nothing but the force of bayonets [or of circumstances] shall send me hence."

Would it have been possible, one wonders, for the School Board by any line of action to have deprived Mr. CONYBEARE of the opportunity for self-display which he has so splendidly utilized? Because there are some people of so oppressive a temper as to desire—quite in the spirit of the Balfourian prison rule—to deprive Mr. CONYBEARE of all such opportunities; which, since they are made and drunk to him, is cruel in the extreme. We are not sure, however, whether, even if these tyrannical considerations could have influenced the minds of the School Board and its Chairman, there would have been any way of giving practical effect to them. The Board clearly could not help taking legal opinion on the question whether Mr. CONYBEARE's conviction and imprisonment had vacated his seat. Nor, when they received Mr. POLAND's unhesitating opinion in the affirmative, could they escape the duty of acting on it. At the same time, they afforded Mr. CONYBEARE ample facilities for raising the question in a law-court. All they could do, in short, to deprive him of any reasonable, any decent excuse for "making a scene" at the Board they did. But deprive him of the power of making such a scene they could not. They did their utmost in putting him in a position in which any man with the slightest pretension to good sense, good feeling, or good manners would have behaved himself quietly. And to say that is to explain all that followed.

EDESSA TO ALEPPO.

A SHORT five-hours' march from the khan at the edge of the Mesopotamian desert brings the traveller to the gates of Edessa with the first beams of the morning sun. Leaving the caravan outside the walls, he rides through the narrow alleys of the town in search of a khan where we may rest for the day.

The Zaptiehs, rich in the possession of a few pieces of silver, go off to revel in the unbounded delights of the bazar. The narrow, tortuous lanes that wind between the grim walls of the houses are roughly paved with large, uneven flags, and down the centre of each alley runs an open drain. The horses flounder on the slippery stones and splash through the black, liquid abomination that oozes through the open channels. There is the usual inquisitive crowd in the bazar, lounging, smoking, and drinking coffee, and the strangers are bidden to go hither and thither, but find the khans full of native traffickers and travellers, with all their beasts and belongings about them. Returning hot and weary, they find the muleteer has picketed the animals in the ruinous courtyard of a khan outside the gates, where they are glad to share with the mules and horses the shelter, at least, of four walls and comparative privacy.

So this is Edessa—Edessa of the Romans, Callirrhoe of the Greeks, Urfa of the Turks—which only seems to live in the records of its stormy history and hides the forgotten splendour of its name under the squalid obscurity of a fifth-rate Turkish provincial town. Syrian and Persian, Roman and Greek, Crusader and Saracen have ruled it in turn; they have vanished from the scene and the Osmanli remains in possession, the political splendor of a ruined inheritance. The crumbling ruins of the noble old castle that overhangs the town will continue to crumble, the encroaching desert will continue to advance and beleaguer the useless walls, poverty like an armed man will continue to despoil a poverty-stricken race. And to the end of the chapter the Turk will continue to utter his futile "Inshallah" as long as it is the will of Heaven that these long-suffering lands shall bear the punishment doubtless of their sins; for in all human seeming no help or remedy is destined to come from any wit or wisdom or greed or philanthropy of civilized man. *When* will that much-talked-of Euphrates Valley Railway be laid?

The landlord or lessee of this Asiatic hostelry, with its somewhat mixed accommodation for man and beast, is (or was) an Armenian. As a rule, one would rather not in Turkey have transactions of a pecuniary nature with individuals of this oppressed and downtrodden "subject race." If his master, the Osmanli, insists on governing him after the fashion of the laws of the land, without fear and without favour, he is apt with an Englishman to remember it in the bill. It is somehow the duty of the Englishman to take the Turk by the throat and make him drop the Armenian, while all the other Armenians look on and applaud at a safe distance from the scrimmage. Meanwhile, our fellow-Christian, the Armenian, if a little lacking in loyalty to the laws that protect him, or in a manly resolution to fight his own battles, has wits—where gain may be got. The odds in Turkey are one Greek to two Jews, one Armenian to two Greeks, which makes one Armenian—four Jews. In a remote part of Asiatic Turkey dwelt once a noble old Arab of ancient lineage and reputed wealth. One need not detail here how it all came about; but this gentlemanlike old Hajji, together with a venerable Jewish Rabbi, came to fill the principal characters in a little drama or tragedy in which the poor old Hajji was made to bear the buffets of an undeserved and outrageous fortune which bowed his upright, manly form with sorrow and disgrace. The Rabbi, hardly more fortunate, came damaged (not in sanctity, but in that more worldly reputation which is the breath of the nostrils to all his tribe) out of the closing act where Shakspeare's Moor and Jew of Venice seem to have become inextricably mixed up in the course of a revival which brought them on the scene in remote Asia. The Iago of the piece (a certain Hagob, aptly named!) was an Armenian; the scene, unshifted from the rising of the curtain to its fall, a deserted stable at night; and Iago's weapon was the throw of the dice, on which were staked the money and the reputation of an infatuated Arab and a wily Jew, and Iago won. Which is a parable, whereby we may perceive that, on their own ground, Iago is still more than a match for the Moor and the Jew; and that in Turkey, if he complains of kicks, he knows how to make sure of the halfpence.

The Armenians, on the borders of their own land, form a considerable part of the population of Urfa, where, under the same laws as the Turk, they manage to "live and thrive," following, unhindered, the petty trades they most delight in, and not seldom, by dint of speculation and thrift, accumulating the wealth which they may enjoy unmolested—so long, indeed, as they do not too openly plot against the Government under whose protection they have acquired it. The Armenian church, the day being Sunday, had the merest sprinkling of worshippers, who squatted or lounged on the carpeted floor, and listened or not, as the case might be, to the crowd of black-robed priests and surpliced men and boys inside the "sanctuary" chanting in a vociferous and irregular manner. The large and handsome "Protestant" place of worship was better filled by an apparently devout congregation. An Armenian layman, in European frock-coat, was preaching fluently and lengthily in his own tongue, to the apparent edification of his attentive audience. How this Presbyterian place of worship comes to be known in Urfa as the "English Church" is quite unexplained; unless the American missionaries, to whose labours it owes its existence, are able to reconcile the anomaly. Threading the steep and narrow alleys that lead to one or other of the gaps in the ruinous wall north of the town, we emerge on the rough and precipitous hill-side, dotted with innumerable white graves. Where the tall black cypresses cast their lengthening shadows little groups of natives, chiefly Armenians, sit and smoke in placid enjoyment of the evening air, not, perhaps, particularly

struck with the scene which the English stranger finds so charming, the sight of the picturesque town spread out below. A jumble of ruined walls, of flat-roofed houses, of graceful minarets, of white or painted domes; the ruined walls of the old citadel glowing a rich crimson brown in the rays of the setting sun; dark groves of cypresses overtopping the walls of many a secluded and shady garden, where Moslem women and children may stroll secure from every prying eye; the low range of barren hills stretching away to the left, and away beyond the green and patchy circle of cultivation the open desert to the south receding in a pearly haze, deepening into rosy pink, with the crimson glory spreading from the west. Let us return to our Armenian host before the short twilight closes. A stranger in foreign garb might meet with adventures (if in quest of them) in those obscure and winding alleys after dark.

Skirting the walls of the town, along the edge of the deep and precipitous moat, over the rocky bottom of which rushes the little rivulet that issues from the famed fountains of Edessa, with their sacred fish, which gave to the town its Greek name of Callirhoë, or "the Beautiful Waters," the road to the west ascends over stony and desolate heights, until, after seven hours' weary and difficult riding, a halt is called where two rock-hewn reservoirs on the sloping side of a rocky hill furnish a welcome supply of cool and discoloured water. The cool shadow of the rocky walls of a reservoir offers a grateful refuge from the burning mid-day heat, and a two hours' leisurely ride in the evening brings us to the Kurdish village of Char Malik, where neither for love nor money will the churlish villagers give food or fodder to man or beast. In the early morning hours, with the inhospitable race of boors a good seven hours behind, the travellers behold from the summit of a rocky gorge the old Euphrates shining through the haze far below. The naked limestone ridges, descending in sharp precipitous declivities to the river-bed, shine white and glistening, as though overlaid with a mantle of newly-fallen snow. Two hours' patient and weary toiling downwards through deep and dusty valleys winding among broken ridges and fantastic cones, and Biradjik, the picturesque old town at the ford of the Euphrates, is reached at last. The steep chalk cliffs rise almost sheer from the river, terrace upon terrace. The walls of the ancient town clamber over the rocks, on the crown of which, seen from below, their crenellated outline, broken by frequent towers, stands out bold and sharp against the sky. These are the "muris sinuosis et cornutis" of Ammianus. In the sides of the cliffs and away up on the precipitous ledges the soft, white stone is pierced with numerous and spacious caves, some of them the abodes of man, others used as stables for horses and cattle, and others vast and empty—quarries, probably, from time immemorial, whence the stone has been excavated for castle and houses that crowd every available spot within the walls. The khan, where strangers and pilgrims may find a fairly comfortable shelter, is built against the entrance of one of these vast and gloomy caverns, which is large enough to house a little army, with beasts and baggage to boot. Biradjik, a bustling little place, where caravans assemble to cross the ford, is the Bithra or Virtha of the Roman itineraries, also the old Apamea of the Euphrates, and by ancient historians has been misnamed Zeugma "at the pass of the Euphrates." It was the seat of a bishopric under the Christian patriarchate of Edessa. Baldwin, Count of Flanders, held it with his crusaders to keep communication between his principality of Edessa and Antioch, but Saladin speedily recovered it for Islam about 1180. Towering at the height of a hundred feet above the town rises the square keep of the castle from its broad platform, reached from below by a subterranean passage.

One must wait for daylight to cross the river, for the ferry-boats will not ply before sunrise. Under a gloomy archway beneath a favourite coffee-house, hard by the embattled walls that skirt the water's edge, the two huge boats lay moored in the rushing stream. Camels and asses, horses and cattle, men, women, and children, crowd or clamber into the unwieldy "Saffinas," the brawny boatmen bend to the long and ponderous poles, and, with much shouting and strenuous labour, the deeply-laden boat is swung round to the current, the boatmen strain every nerve at the labouring oar, the boat shoots obliquely across the rapid current, and it is half an hour before the further shore is gained a mile below the starting-place on the other side. Now one may turn for a last look at the beautiful old town cresting the craggy heights above the broad expanse of the river. Above the tiers of domes and flat-roofed dwellings and climbing walls, dark arches and embattled towers, the rocky gorges in the background are clad with groves and gardens, the dark-green vegetation standing clear and cool against the white and burning cliffs. The noble river in front adds the charm of its mirroring expanse to a scene which, for picturesque details, is hardly matched in the memory of long years of travel in many lands.

The solitude of the rolling plains, broken by rare and distant caravans, is enlivened to-day by the long and straggling procession of the retinue of a Turkish Pasha going to take possession of the governorship of Edessa. Scribes and secretaries, slaves and domestics pass in straggling groups, and those closely-curtained and closely-guarded mule palanquins hide the charms, no doubt, of the fair inmates of his Excellency's harem. The Pasha himself, surrounded by a well-appointed and well-mounted escort of Turkish troops, courteously returns the Englishman's salutation, and then sends a good-looking officer of cavalry to make inquiries and the offer of his services—if he can have the honour to be of any assistance to the English stranger

travelling under the protection of his master the Sultan? The mid-day halt is by a Kurdish village again, where the traveller and his men are hospitably allowed to draw water from the village well; but that is all in the way of supplies that can be had from the villagers, and we are perforce content. The night, again, alas! must be passed at a village of Kurds further on, and the same reception awaits the strangers. Woe betide the wayfarer who must depend for his supplies on boors such as these, whom money cannot tempt to be hospitable! The writer has travelled through the wildest regions of Kurdistan, and has had to live on bread made of a mixture of millet and chopped straw. It was the food of the natives, and what they had to spare money could purchase. But what had come to brutalize the boorish nature of these Kurdish peasants, living amidst a surrounding Christian population, that neither for gold nor favour would they spare a crust to a Christian stranger, if but to save him from starvation? May be the Armenians among whom they dwell could solve the problem. One long day's journey on the morrow—a repetition of the toil and monotony of the preceding day. A halt, after dark, on the reedy banks of the Kuweik, the Chalus of Xenophon, where fleas and all manner of creeping abominations will make the unlucky traveller whose lot it is to camp in the open on such a spot yearn with a fervent longing for the steaming and cleansing Hammam that awaits him on the morrow. For on the morrow comes Aleppo and civilization. Six hours more in the saddle and the fragrant orchards of Aleppo begin to cast their welcome shade over the path. Then on through the city of the dead that encircles every Oriental city—Christian graves on the right, Mussulman tombs on the left, the hostile faiths divided in death as in life—then through the well-built and handsome Christian suburb of Al Jadeidah, and the travellers ride under the archway of the Bab-ul-Faraj into the clean and well-paved streets of the city of the living, into the welcome bustle and life of the crowded bazaars. "In crowded mart and busy street" where men mingle and human life is throbbing and surging, they may forget for a while the long and lonely hours in the fearsome and bandit-haunted desert. The lonely solitude of the long march is over. First, to seek a khan where we may unload and house the uncomplaining beasts that have been our companions for many a long day and night; and then the nearest Hammam, where the attendant demon may scrub and belabour and shampoo our weary limbs to his heart's content, and wash off with a foaming ocean of soap the stains of travel.

KEW.

II.

NEARLY ten years ago Mr. Thiselton Dyer read an essay upon "The Botanical Enterprise of the Empire" before the Royal Colonial Institute, which necessarily resolved itself into a broad and luminous survey of the operations directed from Kew. At the outset he laid down a principle:—"We make it a special point to grow every plant which is known to have any useful application, and these we yearly distribute, as they are wanted, to the different Indian and colonial gardens with which we are in correspondence." This would be a grand programme even if it comprised the whole work undertaken by the department. From time to time the authorities publish a list of new plants, which at this present date seem to average five hundred to six hundred per quarter, including those renamed for scientific purposes. From time to time, again, they publish a list of the seeds matured in the Royal Gardens, which are exchanged, on application, with all regular correspondents. Taking the first of such detailed statements as comes to hand, we remark that it occupies forty-two pages of the Bulletin, with eighty to a hundred names upon the page—say, four thousand species. This magazine of seeds is collected, nominally, for the benefit of institutions which may be able, at some time, to return the favour on a small scale; but in practice it is open to all who show that their application is made with a serious purpose. The same rule holds good with plants. No one is sent empty away from Kew if he have due license to beg, and many curious requests are made sometimes. The object constantly held in view is to multiply and enlarge the means of livelihood—in this country and its colonies first, then over all the world. Kew is not a pleasure garden for those who direct it, but an institution of practical philanthropy. They, indeed, seem to be permeated with a sense of their responsibility. In his striking review of "Some Botanical Statistics of the British Possessions," Mr. Baker insists upon this point beyond all others. The population of the globe is increasing daily. In these islands, at least, it has far outrun the means of support. How, he asks, are the millions of the future to be supplied with food and clothing? The authorities of Kew believe that the problem falls specially within their department. They welcome every vegetable product which is reported to have qualities that will serve the great purpose, whether directly as an article of food or indirectly as a medicine, a convenience, or a substance useful in manufactures. They are glad to receive any specimens of the kind, to report upon them, or to obtain the report of trustworthy experts. And we may add that their readiness to oblige in this way is very well known to those who can take advantage of it—too well known, as they think sometimes. When colonists and travellers write from the other side

of the world putting questions which could be perfectly well answered at the local Botanic Gardens, it is somewhat trying to the temper of hard-worked officials. But all genuine inquiries receive attention. Debate has been gravely held, opinions even have been formed and reported, "On Her Majesty's Service," upon such matters as a South African cane which some gentleman in those distant parts thought adapted for fishing-rods; upon the value of West African palm-kernels as material for coat buttons; upon a pithy stem which the government of a West Indian island believed suitable for razor strops.

It is the distracting variety of interests and functions which makes it difficult to keep such a steady eye on the operations of Kew as enables one to deal with them in a short article. The authorized list of those operations will show how vast is the field, perpetually interrupted by curious incidents, large or small, which draw one's attention away. In the first place, officially, stand the botanic interests—to study new plants, and class them. Next, where plants are wanted for cultivation, which cannot readily be obtained in the market, or which the service of the public demands, the Royal Gardens will supply them, if possible. Where diseases, vegetable or animal or insect pests, threaten the local plantations, Kew will look into the matter, and consult with experts at home. This is a very important function. The white fly, which has done such mischief to the coffee-trees of the West Indies, and the still more deadly *Hemileia* of the East; the Borer which attacks the sugar-cane in Demerara, and the Rust which cripples it in Queensland; the Fluted Scale, the Cushion Scale, the coco-nut beetle, the Phylloxera, and many more have received close attention, and the best methods of dealing with them have been communicated to those whom it concerns. Kew is ready also to report and to obtain advice upon new industries which those upon the spot suggest. Furthermore, it keeps an eye on all institutions of the same class throughout the Empire. Dr. Lindley's ideal has not taken shape in the form he understood, nor is it to be desired, seeing how overworked are the officials already, that "all minor establishments of the same nature should be under the control of the chief of Kew." At this present day the notion seems grotesque. But the object which Dr. Lindley proposed to gain by his centralized system is achieved. Such minor establishments do "act in concert" with the great model at home, "and through it with one another." They "report constantly their proceedings, explain their wants, receive their supplies, and aid the mother-country in everything that is useful." Not only they, indeed, but foreign institutions do all this, occasionally. Further still, governors of the smaller colonies which have not yet a Botanic Garden of their own keep up a brisk and interesting correspondence. They describe with spirit perhaps the melancholy purlieus of their official residence, where a young alligator has been habitually wallowing; they detail the *personnel* of their gardening staff, two ancient soldiers pensioned off twenty years ago upon the ground of old age and debility; they tell with pleasing garrulity how the seeds flourish—too often how they die by inches. And, besides all this, there is the scientific work, in which every member of the staff has his part; the thoughtful study, the laborious research, the endless, though delightful, task of building bit by bit, from day to day, that structure of recorded learning which will be the monument of Kew.

Amidst this orderly confusion of detail it seems best to follow certain paths which may be described as beaten. If we trace an operation here or there from the beginning to the point it has yet attained, that will give a reader some distinct impression of the system. The story of the cinchona plantations is a good instance. Some forty years ago both the English and the Dutch authorities in the East took alarm at the growing price of quinine. They made inquiries in Peru, and the information received by no means lightened their anxiety. The forests of cinchona were disappearing at such a rate that in no long time, unless a remedy were found, quinine must cease to be a staple export. In 1852 the Governor-General proposed to make plantations in India, but the Dutch first carried out this excellent scheme. They imported a great number of seeds and seedlings in 1855, and successfully "established" them, at a heavy cost, in Java. But the march thus stolen proved disastrous. We may be allowed to think that it was because they had no Kew to advise them that the Dutch chose *C. Pahudiana*, a species hardly worth growing; those plantations have been long since uprooted. For some years the English Government confined itself to importing seeds and plants, which died on the passage to India. This was evidently futile, and Sir William Hooker urged a systematic course of procedure. Mr. Clements Markham had lately been exploring Peru in the interests of archaeology, and in 1859 he went back with a commission from the Government to collect seeds and young trees. The narrative of his adventures, troubles, and triumphs is published. He received the best aid and advice from Kew, but the active participation of the establishment began when Mr. Markham returned with his precious stores. They were received at the Gardens, nursed, and transmitted to India in such admirable condition that the loss was trifling. It is hardly needful to recite the public advantages which have followed. In the plantations of Bengal, laid out and managed by officers recommended by Sir William Hooker, there were about five million trees, at the date of the latest Report, which, including the expense of the manufactory attached, have cost about 100,000*l.* This sum returns five per cent. interest from the sale of quinine, besides

the saving effected in the hospitals and the medical service, which represents at least ten per cent. in addition. Having thus provided for India, Kew began forthwith to distribute cinchona-trees all over the world where there was a chance of successful cultivation. Government had no share in its introduction to Ceylon—where the plantations are only inferior to those of Bengal—to Jamaica, where the sales of bark exceed 5,000*l.* a year, to St. Helena, Trinidad, Mauritius, Cape of Good Hope, Queensland, and settlements beyond counting on a small scale. The actual output of the manufactory in "febrifuge" up to 1880 was 87,704 lbs., which, taking quinine at an average value of 8*s.* 4*d.* per oz., would represent 587,616*l.*—so much saved to the Empire, besides the profit of sales.

Another instance is that of Liberian coffee. Some twenty years ago the coffee plantations of the East Indies were threatened with ruin by a fungoid pest, *Hemileia vastatrix*; while those of the West Indies were suffering as severely from the white fly, *Cimicostoma coffecellum*. The authorities at Kew heard of a new species, native of the Upper and Lower Guinea, which there was reason to think would withstand the attacks of both. Accordingly, they urged their correspondents to forward seed, and in 1872 the novelty was established in the Royal Gardens. Liberian coffee, as it is called, has advantages beyond that of resisting the fungus and the fly. Inhabiting the low hills of West Africa, it will thrive in situations hot and moist where the Arabian variety is unable even to live. Plants have been distributed from Kew over a great portion of the earth's surface. They are now cultivated on a larger or smaller scale at Dominica, Martinique, Guadeloupe, Jamaica, St. Kitt's, and Trinidad; on the Nilghirris; in Queensland, Mauritius, the Seychelles, the Bahamas, Bangalore, Bermuda, Calcutta, Ceylon, Java, Madras, Montserrat, Natal, New Granada, Rio de Janeiro—but this list is long enough. Nowhere, however, has it become the general crop, though fulfilling every promise, and of late the indefatigable inquirers at Kew have looked into this mystery. Explanations will be found in the Bulletin of November last; since the subject has interested for so many, we may observe in brief that the treatment proper for the Arabian berry, after gathering, is not suited to the Liberian, radically different in its pulp. The last illustration we choose is *ipeacuanha*, which belongs to a different class. Cinchona itself is hardly a greater blessing to mankind, and the importance of securing a native supply has been constantly urged upon the Government of India. But few plants refuse so absolutely to exist under conditions which are not just what they like. In 1866 Sir Joseph Hooker forwarded a specimen to the Botanical Gardens at Calcutta, which died promptly. Three more were sent next year, to a like doom; but some thirty-three cuttings had been taken. The India Office now bestirred itself, and two fine plants were despatched from Kew at its instance in 1869. Six months later they were dead. Then the struggle began in earnest. Dr. Anderson, of the Botanical Gardens, Calcutta, sought *ipeacuanha* in every direction, whilst the staff at Kew busied itself in propagating and establishing all that could be found. When these reached India the stock there had dwindled to twelve. But new methods of propagation had been discovered by leaf and rhizome, the new arrivals were healthy, and in 1875 Dr. King triumphantly reported that he had more than 100,000 nice young plants. A year later roots were dried, the drug extracted, and positively administered, with the happiest results. Surely all must be well now, thought the anxious Government. By no means. In 1886 the strain received from Kew direct alone survived, less than five per cent.; worse still, the bushes grow so slowly that all hope of successful cultivation has been abandoned long ago. This result, however, was not thought very surprising at the Royal Gardens. Plants had been sent out to Singapore in 1875 with much more lively confidence, and there perseverance found its reward. *Ipeacuanha* is established in the Old World at last, and the authorities of Kew may be trusted to diffuse the cultivation.

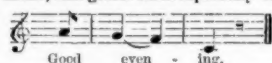
"MUSIC HATH CHARMS —."

IN view of recent perturbations of the public mind, a humble contribution to the efforts that have been made to solve the problem of causing schoolboys to be happy and good can hardly be out of place. Of the harsh methods of coercion and compulsory games enough has been said, for and against; it is a more artful and conciliatory method of stimulating the youthful mind and keeping the idle boy out of mischief that shall here be recommended. Be it known, therefore, that there is a series of books, apparently of American devising, called the International Education Series, and that a certain volume in this series is entitled *The Education of Man* (New York: Appleton), and that the author of it was Friedrich Froebel, now with the saints. The sixth chapter of that work contains a section marked D, and the name of that section is "Memorizing of Short Poetical Representations of Nature and Life, Particularly for Purposes of Song." In that section a device is recommended which appears likely to solve the difficulty of compulsion by removing the necessity for it. Its general adoption could hardly fail to produce a race of schoolboys, all of whose leisure would be so cheerfully and profitably spent that no question of any kind could possibly arise about it.

The following are the main principles underlying the treatment. "Soon after the first dawn of the consciousness of self" there is "aroused in man the longing to understand life and language of the external world, particularly of nature." Man may then observe that "The seasons come and go as regularly as the times of day; Spring, with its tide of new growth and wealth of blossoms, fills man (even in boyhood) with gladness and new life; . . . [we are told nothing about the effects of Summer]. Autumn, with its falling brilliant and fragrant leaves, fills man (even as boy) with a sense of longing and hope. And rigid but clear and steady winter awakens courage and vigour." "All these things are presentiments of later life," and it is, therefore, of much importance that they, as well as "the relation between man and man," should be impressed on the youthful mind, "though rather more indirectly and by reflection than directly in argument and precept. The direct precept fetters, hinders, represses," while "The indirect suggestion—e.g. in the mirror of a song without moralizing applications—gives to the soul and will of the boy inner freedom." And this is how it is done.

Suppose a class of boys assembled for instruction:—

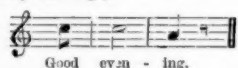
In proper order they await the beginning of the instruction, of the lesson, as they call it. The teacher had been called away in the afternoon; it is evening. He enters, and greets them repeatedly in song:



This song-greeting comes unexpectedly so near their inner life that it fills them with pleasure, joy, and merriment.

They accordingly answer variously, some in plain speech, while a few say, in a more singing tone, "Good evening."

These the teacher now addresses particularly, saying, "Sing the 'Good evening' to me." Softly one sings,



A second one, full of merriment,



A third,



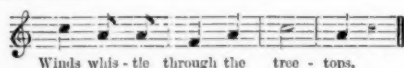
The teacher

then continues recitatively, as it were:



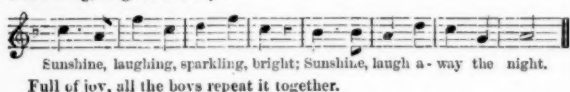
"Is this true?" he asks. "Well, then, let us sing it all together."

Again he continues:



"Is this, also, true? Well, then, let us sing this together." Then one who feels and can express the truth of these words most fully, sings it alone.

Then "the instruction proceeds in antiphonic song," until at last, a lively boy, having sung the same thing again and again, asks: "May we not soon have a song about the sunshine?" This question expresses the boy's inner wish that the sun might shine again after the long-continued rain and fog and blustering wind. The teacher, responding to this feeling, sings to the boy:



THE ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION.

THE second exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society was opened in the New Gallery in Regent Street on Monday. The number of objects shown is large, and many of them are so minute as to be easily overlooked. Yet there is no mistaking the general aspect. Amateur work is everywhere present, and not always good amateur work. Of course, as has been often pointed out, it is to the amateur that we must look for originality and "new departures." Here, especially in bookbinding and in furniture, we have too much attempt to outstep the limits of the conventional, and to mistake mere eccentricity for originality. Coupled with failures of this kind we have, of course, many others which result from trying to do too much in a stubborn material or with deficient appliances. The dominant idea of the promoters of the exhibition has been to depreciate what may be called "shop-work," and to appreciate individuality. As a tendency this may not be altogether unwholesome; but there are many arts in which the repetition and similarity here discouraged are absolutely necessary; and it is satisfactory to observe among the preliminary essays in the Catalogue a short treatise by Mr. Lethaby on "Cast Iron." He lays down some excellent rules for

its use, and shows very successfully that it is very capable of artistic treatment, while he praises such work as the well-known iron fire-backs, still to be met with in the southern counties of England, and the iron railings, like those of St. Paul's, which were cast in Sussex. To many people it will be new to hear that the little lions on the outer rail at the British Museum "are by the late Alfred Stevens, and are thoroughly iron beasts, so slightly modelled that they would be only blocked out for bronze." Mr. Lethaby is certainly right in saying that they "are proof of how sufficient feeling for design will dignify any material for any object." He does not equally admire the railings behind the lions, which are designed on a false principle, "the result being only a high order of commonplace grandeur." There is much else in this very interesting essay which, beside its neighbours in the Catalogue, sets Mr. Lethaby in the light of an *advocatus diaboli*. He has a word to say even "for poor cast-iron." Among the other essays there is one by Mr. Reginald Blomfield on book illustration, which will interest many readers. Mr. Blomfield inquires as to reasons for the failure and success of certain forms of page decoration and arrangement, contending that "the relative importance attached to the printed type or the drawing is the crucial point for the illustrator." We may well question if it ever comes up in the minds of modern publishers of illustrated books, though we doubt not a good deal of Miss Greenaway's success results from its observance. The artist, says Mr. Blomfield, "must regard the printed type, not as a necessary evil, but as a valuable material for the decoration of the page." An excellent example of the way not to do it is afforded by the exhibition in one of the galleries of the Golden Wedding address presented to Mr. Gladstone by some Separatists. Here, though everything is done by hand, and the illuminator was under no restrictions, the result is to contravene every one of Mr. Blomfield's canons of taste. There are better illuminated manuscripts here than this, especially some very faithful imitations of mediæval work by Mr. Reuter. But the best observers of Mr. Blomfield's rules are the designers of the books exhibited in the Upper Gallery by Messrs. Whittingham & Co., of the Chiswick Press. One volume, in particular, *Epistles and Gospels*, printed in red and black on hand-made paper, is as nearly perfect as possible. Here, we cannot but think, "shop" shows its immense superiority to amateur work. In another department of book decoration this is still more apparent, though the professional bookbinders seem to have exhibited very sparingly. The books exhibited in the North Gallery are of two distinct types. The De Coverly family show work which is most pleasing when most conventional, but it does not come up to the level of the modern school of bookbinders in neatness and finish. Design is not everything, a truism abundantly illustrated by the uncomfortable bindings which Mr. Sanderson exhibits. His covers are evidently not intended to protect, but only to ornament, a book; they are much too tight, so that some of the volumes will not close properly, and the backs, instead of being flat—which in itself is a disagreeable innovation—are concave. But the point to which we take most exception is the extreme economy of leather, the covers hardly reaching the edges of the leaves. One thing, however, must be said of Mr. Sanderson's bindings; the gold tooling is simply superb. In beauty of design and manipulative skill we have never seen anything like it. But, as we remarked above, design is not everything, and even the contemplation of this delicate tooling will not reconcile any one who loves a pretty book to the shortcomings we have pointed out. There is some pretty work by Messrs. G. F. Stokley & Son; but whether they are professional bookbinders or amateurs we do not know. A volume in flexible blue morocco in their case is, perhaps, the most successful example in the room, the tooling being very little inferior to that of Mr. Sanderson; while in all other respects the binding is vastly superior. Miss Harris, Miss Shepherd, and other ladies exhibit embossed leather book-covers, some of which show great skill; but the designs in all are wanting in originality.

Poverty of design is more apparent in the cases containing modern point-lace than in any others. Some of the work is extremely fine and delicate, especially that which comes from convents in the South of Ireland; but the designers seem to have forgotten that lace is not panelling or architectural ornament. Some much less delicate work, in *appliqué* on fine net, is, from the superiority of the design, much more satisfactory, and would in actual wear produce a far better effect. This is particularly true of some lace exhibited by Miss Emily Anderson, of the Cork School of Art. The Poor Clares of Kenmare exhibit the finest point; but, owing to defects of taste, it is almost impossible, except for a very practised eye, to distinguish some of their work from good Nottingham. The stiffness of the pattern and the hard edge go far to spoil some examples of marvellously skilful handling.

The embroidery shown is of every degree of goodness and badness conceivable, and there is an enormous amount of it, chiefly in a style which may be briefly described. It is Mr. Burne-Jones tempered by Mr. Crane. The colouring is seldom quite harmonious, and, as a rule, the drawing of figure subjects is execrable. One piece only need be specially described as a very conspicuous exception to the general rule. Miss Anstruther Thomson has sent a large "wall decoration in *appliqué* stuffs," in high relief. It represents "A file of Moors led by a fanatic," every figure, of a score at least, being full of individual character, the drawing

excellent and forcible, and the effect produced by a few bundles of dingy rags being marvellous. Yet it seems a pity that so much good drawing and composition should be wasted on what in London will prove a mere trap for soot.

Some of Mr. Morris's carpet and tapestry weaving is very good. He takes great pains with his dyed wools, and with the subdued harmonies which may be produced by using the most brilliant colours. A piece of Arras tapestry, with a design by Mr. Burne-Jones, is perhaps the most pleasing of the forty-six examples shown by Mr. Morris in the West Gallery. A special feature of the exhibition is a darkened room for stained glass; but it does not contain a single example worth mention, and the same must be said of the designs for windows in the North Gallery and elsewhere. Three exceptions are drawings by Mr. Holiday for the American market, and by Mr. Burne-Jones for a two-light window to be executed by Messrs. Morris & Co. Among miscellaneous objects we may mention Mr. Benson's brass and copper work, of which there are numerous examples; the jars and bowls of the Aller Vale Pottery Company, and those designed by Sir Edmund Elton and Messrs. Doulton. A great deal of heraldry might be expected, yet there is little, and that little scarcely worth notice. We may except a plaque in repoussé copper, designed by Mr. Inigo Thomas, and a mirror in a mahogany frame designed by Mr. Prioleau Warren, with prettily painted shields of arms in an Italian style. There are three pieces of very beautiful inlaid ivory and rosewood designed by Mr. Stephen Webb, and cut by Messrs. Smith, Fowler, and Thurtell. In a very different style is a marble chimney-piece by Messrs. Farmer and Brindley, designed by Mr. Lethaby, and very simple and original in treatment. In the South Gallery are two or three good examples of wrought iron, among which we should select for honourable mention one in which ivy is used very well by Messrs. White & Sons, and a grille for a window by Mr. H. Ross. Some caskets in leather, oak, metal-work, and embroidery are in the same room. In the Upper Gallery is a good design for a school copy-book, one of Mr. Vere Foster's series, by Mr. T. Erat Harrison, and some book-plates, by Mr. Houseman, of very unequal merit. In the entrance hall is a case containing some good table-glass by Messrs. Powell, and, beside a great deal of little beauty or value, a clock, decorated by Mr. Spencer Stanhope, which is one of the few things in the Exhibition calculated to make a weak-minded man of taste break the tenth commandment.

The aspect of the whole exhibition is not exhilarating. Art-working within narrow grooves, following blindly certain self-constituted leaders, incomplete too often, and unfinished, wanting on the one hand what may be called "execution," and on the other delicacy, such is the verdict we must pass on most of what we see here. We may take an altar-table in the North Gallery as typical of the whole Exhibition. It is neither Gothic nor Classical. The painting and gilding are inharmonious and tawdry. The carving and cabinet-maker's work are coarse. Yet there are many worse things in the exhibition, the lowest depths being reached, perhaps, by plaster decorations on a flat ground, of which there are many poor specimens. A better effect might be attained if the Committee saw their way to limiting the number of exhibits from one hand. We reckon up two-score mentions of one name in the Catalogue—the name of an artist not one of whose works calls for any special separate mention.

BRAZILIAN FINANCE.

AS the demand for gold for Brazil is disturbing the money markets of Europe and America, exceptional interest is felt just now in the finances of that Empire; and some account of them, therefore, as well as of the causes of the metallic demand, may not be unwelcome to our readers. Brazil has never recovered from the unfortunate Paraguayan war, and the effects of that struggle have been aggravated by a succession of bad harvests, a defective fiscal system, and errors of the Government, especially the lavish guarantees given by it to railways, coffee and sugar factories, and other industrial concerns. In consequence, the Budget ends every year in a large deficit, and borrowing has been almost incessant. According to an ex-Finance Minister quoted by Mr. Gough in a Report lately presented to Parliament, the average deficit for the past four years has amounted to nearly three millions sterling, or over 20 per cent. of the revenue, and the same authority estimates that the probable deficit this year will exceed 3 millions sterling. Under these circumstances rigorous retrenchment would seem to be called for. But the present Cabinet has adopted, on the contrary, a policy directed to the encouragement of immigration and the development of the resources of the Empire. The only direction in which it practises economy is in the conversion of the debt. According to Mr. Gough, the external debt at the end of last year slightly exceeded 28½ millions sterling, and the internal debt was slightly under 43½ millions sterling. The two together somewhat exceeded 72 millions sterling. Unfunded debt brings up the total of the liabilities to about 90 millions sterling, and, in addition, there are the large guarantees which may at any moment, to some extent at all events, become actual liabilities. It is quite proper, of course, to reduce the charge on the debt; but the whole saving that can be effected in this way will probably not amount to a quarter of a million sterling—a very insufficient relief,

considering how large the annual deficit is. In their decision that retrenchment would be unwise, Ministers are probably largely influenced by the example of the Argentine Republic. That example, however, ought to be a warning rather than an encouragement in the course upon which Brazil is now entering. And it will appear evident from what is about to follow that, unless the greatest prudence is observed, Brazil will involve herself before long in very serious difficulties. Emancipation having been carried last year without any indemnity being granted to the slave-owners, it has been found necessary by the Government to afford relief in another form. Accordingly it has entered into contracts with the principal banks by which it binds itself to make advances to the banks. They in their turn agree to lend to the planters at specified rates of interest. No doubt the assistance is necessary, but it is another reason why the Government should be careful not to embark rashly in extravagant expenditure, and it offers a warning to British investors that the economic condition of Brazil is not now so quite assured that the Government is justified in the new course upon which it has entered. In order to give the required help to the planters the Government found itself compelled in August last to issue a loan in Rio de Janeiro amounting to about 11½ millions sterling. Nominally it is an internal loan, but as the interest is payable in gold or in currency at the nominal par value in London, the principal Continental cities, and New York, as well as in Brazil itself, it is evident that the intention of the Government is to place the bonds abroad as soon as an opportunity offers. We believe that this has not yet been done, but it is understood that a very large proportion of the bonds have been pledged with bankers in London, and it is principally by this means that Brazil is now able to take so much gold from Europe that it has excited alarm in the money markets of the world.

Another measure resolved upon, and now being carried into execution, is the resumption of specie payments. It is universally admitted that an inconvertible paper currency is a disadvantage to a country, and that it is worth while to make some sacrifices to get rid of it. It must also be conceded that the present time is favourable to an attempt to resume specie payments. The Brazilian milreis, which is of the nominal value of 27*d.*, was at one time in 1885 worth no more than 17½*d.* Now it is worth more than 28*d.* It is actually, that is to say, above its par value. From two-thirds to three-quarters of the exports of Brazil consist of coffee, and for some time before 1885 the coffee crops of Brazil were very bad, and the price was very low. The coffee crop of last year, however, was exceptionally good, and the price obtained has been high. Consequently the balance of trade is now so much in favour of Brazil that the milreis is above its par value. But, while all this is true, it may well be doubted whether Brazil is able to permanently maintain a gold standard, and, if able, whether the plan of resumption adopted is a wise one. The present currency consists mainly of Treasury notes, amounting to nearly nineteen millions sterling, and a small amount of bank-notes. The Government has decided to call in and cancel its own notes, and to substitute for them notes of joint-stock banks guaranteed either by the deposit of Government bonds with the Government, or by a paid-up gold capital. The law is modelled to a very large extent upon the National Bank Law of the United States, though in one or two important particulars it departs from its exemplar. The banks which deposit bonds as a guarantee for their circulation can issue notes only to the amount of their capital, and their aggregate issue must not exceed 200 millions of milreis, or 22½ millions sterling. But the banks with a capital paid in gold may issue notes to the amount of three times their capital; their aggregate issues, however, must not exceed 600 millions of milreis. The law does not seem to have commended itself to the Brazilians, for the number of native banks founded under it is not large, and even of those founded some are not issuing banks, but either land mortgage banks or ordinary loan and discount banks. A syndicate of great institutions in Paris, headed by the Banque de Paris et des Pays Bas and the Imperial Ottoman Bank, have entered into a contract with the Brazilian Government, in accordance with which they have founded a National Bank of Brazil, with a capital of ten millions sterling, and the right to issue thirty millions sterling in notes. Ten per cent. of the capital was to have been paid on the signature of the statutes, which has already been done; a further 10 per cent. within a month after the constitution of the bank, and the remainder at intervals of at least sixty days, and in instalments not exceeding 20 per cent. It is, however, expected that not more than half the capital, or five millions sterling, will be required to be paid up for some time to come. It will be seen that the establishment of this bank increases very largely the power of Brazil to take gold from Europe. Already the Empire had obtained the command of the London market by pledging bonds of the Internal Loan issued last August. Now the creation of this National Bank in Paris has increased its power by about 2½ millions sterling. It is stated in a circular issued by the Banque de Paris et des Pays Bas to the members of the Syndicate that half the shares of the bank were placed in Brazil; consequently only half, or five millions sterling, would remain to be subscribed in Europe. But, as it is understood that only half the capital will be called up for the present, it follows that the European subscriptions will for some time to come not exceed 2½ millions sterling. That, however, is a very large amount when added to the sums already standing to the credit of Brazil in the books of London bankers, and explains how it is

that the Brazilian demand has alarmed all the European money markets.

Practically, the National Bank will take up the notes of the Brazilian Government, and substitute for them its own notes, and the Government, in compensation, will hand over to the bank an equivalent amount of bonds bearing 4½ per cent. interest. But the Government notes amount to between 18 and 19 millions. Consequently the transaction will increase the interest-bearing debt of Brazil by 18 or 19 millions sterling. The Conversion loan brought out here last week adds to the capital of the debt about 2½ millions sterling, and in August last there was an internal 4 per cent. loan issued amounting to about 11½ millions sterling. Therefore already within the present year the debt of Brazil has been increased by about 32 millions sterling. We saw above that at the end of last year the total debt of the Empire was about 90 millions sterling. Consequently, at the present moment the debt of Brazil, either actually incurred or to be incurred in consequence of arrangements already entered into, amounts to about 122 millions sterling—a heavy debt certainly for a population of about thirteen millions of souls, a large proportion of whom are negroes and Indians. But this is not all. Until quite lately the provinces and municipalities of the Empire had not borrowed in Europe; but within the last few years they have begun to do so, and their reception by the European money markets has been so favourable that they are likely to go on borrowing rapidly in the future. Further, some banks founded in Brazil under the new law are to issue Cédulas like those issued by the National Mortgage Bank of the Argentine Republic and the Hypothecary Bank of the province of Buenos Ayres. The Cédulas are bonds advanced by the banks to the owners of houses and lands who mortgage to the banks those lands and houses. And, apparently, it is the intention of these Brazilian land mortgage banks to follow the example of the Argentine banks just mentioned and make a market for their Cédulas in Europe. We would strongly recommend British investors before buying these Cédulas to inquire carefully into the constitution of the banks issuing them, and the precautions taken to ensure that the mortgaged property is not merely of sufficient value, but that, if through any accident the borrowers should be unable to pay the interest and sinking fund stipulated, it would be possible to realize by selling the properties. This is, however, by the way. The main point to bear in mind is that the Brazilian Government is at present, through its desire to develop the resources of the Empire, adding with alarming rapidity to its debt, and that it is doing so at a time when the industrial organization of the country has just been revolutionized by the emancipation that has set free nearly a million of slaves in a very short time; that, further, the provinces and municipalities are likewise piling up debt in Europe, and that, lastly, dangerous facilities are being afforded to the owners of houses and lands to incur debt. If great prudence is exercised all may turn out well; but if not the consequences are likely to be very grave.

CASTE.

THE chief result accomplished by the revival of *Caste* is the evidence it affords that the adequate representation of the late Mr. T. W. Robertson's comedies required much more art than was generally supposed. At the Criterion Theatre, where this piece is now being acted, the company possesses the advantage of having before it all the traditional stage business of the play as it grew from the time when the author superintended the original production, all that experience has shown to be effective being retained and all that did not tell discarded. Certain well-tried scenes are therefore sure to impress; and yet there is a frequent lack of spirit. The story, in many respects a really admirable one, does not retain throughout the keen sympathies of the house as it used to do, though, when the interpreters are at their best, notably in the last act, the power of the author is felt as it was formerly; from which it can only be deduced that the fault is with the players, and not with the play. That the story has its weak points must, at the same time, be admitted. The behaviour of the Marquise in particular is distinguished by a vulgarity, an absence of taste and good feeling, which render her disagreeable as well as tedious; and the social contrasts are so very extreme that there is little aspect of probability in the plot. It is too obvious that in some of the incidents nothing is aimed at beyond stage effect; but, nevertheless, *Caste* has very sterling qualities, as is conclusively proved by the fact that, in spite of its familiarity, it moves to laughter and also to tears, as the spectator may perceive if he glances down the rows of stalls—and it is not unlikely that his own eyes may be dim as he does so. We now see that there was a delicacy about the original interpretation which is made very conspicuous by the spectacle of players with coarser methods attempting to follow in the paths of their predecessors. Take one example. D'Alroy loves Esther Eccles, and asks Hawtree to accompany him to her home. Hawtree understands that his friend is hard hit, but derides the idea of marriage with a girl of Esther's position. "Can't it be arranged?" Hawtree inquires, and the actor at the Criterion simply puts the question. The line now goes for nothing, but the "Can't it be—arranged?" was full of significance when Mr. Bancroft hesitatingly, with a look at the ground, and a slight pause as if to find the least offensive word, suggestively asked

the question. These are trifles; but any one who remembers the representation at the Prince of Wales', and compares it with what is now to be seen at the Criterion, will understand how important such trifles are.

Some good work is, however, done in the course of the performance, which introduces Mr. David James and Mr. Charles Brookfield in the parts of Eccles and Gerridge—in both cases repetitions. Mr. James, if not as genuinely comic as Mr. George Honey used to be, is probably as good an Eccles as could be found. What weakness there is in his acting comes from an effort to be funny which is occasionally not to be hidden, whereas Mr. Honey's comicality seemed to come without being sought. The Criterion Eccles is a little too much given to grimace; but he is amusing, and it is perhaps only by the possibly odious but inevitable comparison with the original, who made a memorable mark in the character, that any shortcoming can be detected. Mr. Brookfield makes his Gerridge rather morose and stolid, endeavouring, and with success, to show something different from the sharp, energetic little plumber of Mr. John Hare, and from the loutish artisan of Mr. Arthur Cecil. Mr. Brookfield cleverly reproduces an easily recognizable type. The hearty way in which Gerridge keeps on munching his great wedge of bread when George D'Alroy has returned, and is talking to his wife and friend, strikes us as a capital idea. Sam is very glad—delighted—but then it is tea-time, and he cannot satisfy his robust appetite with sentiment. A little later in the scene an episode ends in a way which has always seemed to us displeasing. Hawtree, with great good feeling, expresses a fear that he has occasionally made himself offensive to Sam, and conventional politeness not being in the honest workman's way, he replies, not "Don't mention it!" or "Not at all!" but, "Well, sir, you 'ave!" At the same time Sam is not really deficient in good feeling, and regrets his own intentional rudeness to the "long swell." There, with mutual apologies, we think, the scene should end; for it jars somewhat to find Gerridge immediately offering the circular he has drawn up to "the nobility, gentry, and inhabitants of the Borough Road," and soliciting patronage. It would, at any rate, be better at the Criterion if the Hawtree did not hurry the incident, so that Gerridge might seem to act on an afterthought when the first effect of the reconciliation has passed. But the Hawtree is ill done, his gesture of wiping his hand after the interchange of courtesy with Sam being one of those mistakes which do so much towards destroying sentiment.

An actor or actress can scarcely have a more trying task than that of assuming a character with which some more famous player is universally associated. Miss Lottie Venne has talent and vivacity; but Mrs. Bancroft made the part of Polly Eccles her own; still, since the comedy is well worth revival, and the best of all possible Pollys is not available, some one must do duty. Miss Venne's fault is over-emphasis; she is too farcical, and has a disposition to caricature Polly, whose picture the author has drawn with sufficient breadth. She is best, in fact she is very good, in the last act—the *Jeanne la Folle* incident. Miss Olga Brandon acquits herself very well as Esther. She displays earnestness and sincerity—most valuable attributes. Force she has yet to acquire; her dismissal of the Marquise from the room of the little house in Stangate lacked dignity; a quieter, more repressed tone would have heightened the incident. Mr. Leonard Boyne, handicapped by an Irish accent, passes muster as D'Alroy. Mrs. Charles Poole does not grapple successfully with the difficulties of the Marquise, and there is a want of distinction about Mr. Elwood's Hawtree. The revival, however, gives pleasure.

SOME TWO-YEAR-OLD RACING.

FOR more than twenty years the Middle Park Plate has been the chief factor in the final settlement of the claims of the two-year-olds of the season. This year, for the first time, its office in this respect, as well as its general interest, has been to some extent threatened by the institution of a more valuable race which was run a few days earlier. The Middle Park Plate has varied in value from 4,840*l.* to 2,105*l.* for the winner, with 200*l.* for the second and 100*l.* for the third in the race; but in the new Great Breeders' Produce Stakes, at Kempton Park, the owner of the winner received 6,000*l.*, and his nominator 300*l.*; the owner of the second 1,500*l.*, and his nominator 150*l.*; the owner of the third 1,000*l.*, and his nominator 100*l.*; and the owner of the fourth 500*l.* It was possible, therefore, that seven different people might each get a share of the stakes, which amounted to 9,550*l.* No one can fairly complain at competition in race meetings more than in other things; at the same time it is to be regretted that two such important two-year-old races as the Great Breeders' Produce Stakes and the Middle Park Plate should take place within six days of each other. On this occasion it so happened that the second of them suffered comparatively little in interest through its predecessor; but, if the same arrangement is to go on in future, it is almost certain that the two great races will more or less clash with each other. Everything promised well for the Great Breeders' Produce Stakes until the middle of last week, when it was announced that Semolina would not run, in consequence of the death of a relative of her owner. She had been unplaced to Riviera on the only occasion on which she had suffered defeat; but then she had run

more than a stone below her best form, so if the pair had now met again she would unquestionably have found backers; her withdrawal, therefore, took away much of the interest of the Great Breeders' Produce Stakes. Mr. H. Milner's Riviera had a splendid record. She had won eleven races, including walks-over; and a good deal more than 11,000*l.* in stakes. Her first defeat had been in her first race, and in such cases excuses may fairly be made for failures; her second had been amply atoned for when she beat her conqueror (Heaume) a week later, so she well deserved her position as first favourite for the Produce Stakes. Considering that Signorina, who was not entered for the Produce Stakes, was unbeaten, there was something to be said for the chance of Mr. D. Baird's Martagon, who had run her to a head for the Whitsuntide Plate at about the same terms as those on which he was now to meet Riviera. His owner had given 2,800 guineas for him as a yearling; his breeding—by Bend Or out of Tiger Lily, which is almost the same combination of blood as that of Ormonde—was unexceptionable, and his appearance was much admired, in spite of the protests made by certain critics to the effect that he had not grown so much as he ought to have done during the summer. For the Chesterfield Stakes, the Duke of Hamilton's Loup had run Heaume to three-quarters of a length and beaten Riviera by a neck; but, as Riviera had afterwards beaten Heaume, Loup was not now expected to beat Riviera; nevertheless, he had his supporters and a good deal of money was invested on him. Riviera was a strong favourite at the post at evens; 5 to 2 was laid against Martagon, and 8 to 1 against Loup, while liberal odds, varying from 33 to 100 to 1, were laid, or perhaps we ought rather to say offered, against each of the remainder of the field.

The afternoon was very misty, and rain began to fall as the twenty-one starters arrived at the post, where they could not be seen from the Stand. There was a long and tedious delay before the flag fell. The most excited and troublesome of the party are said to have been Woodnymph and Riviera, and as the ground was very heavy, it is probable that the favourite took a great deal out of herself in the course of her vagaries. When, after about half an hour had been expended in breaks-away and false-starts, the field was at last despatched, Mr. W. De la Rue's Dearest jumped off in front, with Dame Margaret close to her. In consequence of the foggy nature of the atmosphere, accounts of the race must be accepted with reserve until the point at which the horses came into sight, about a quarter of a mile from the finish. Dearest was then leading, and Riviera was next to her. It was soon evident that the race lay between the two leading fillies, and there was already a long straggling tail of beaten horses. Riviera appeared to be running under difficulties; but, instead of stopping, she struggled on very gamely, and kept gaining slightly upon Dearest almost to the last. Dearest, however, maintained the lead, which she had obtained at the start, to the finish, and she won by half a length from Riviera—a victory which does not put her on a par with that filly, as she was receiving 7 *lbs.* from her. Golden Gate was third, a length and a half off, and Dame Margaret was fourth.

Dearest is a bay filly by Hampton out of Lady Tramp by Albert Victor, and her granddam was by Birdcatcher, out of a Melbourne mare. Criticisms on her appearance were, upon the whole, favourable, and her good shoulders, depth of girth, and lengthy quarters were much admired; the objections made were want of bone, lightness of loin, inequality in the forefeet, and a want of precision in her manner of standing on her forelegs. She cost 1,700 guineas at Doncaster last year, a price at which she has proved an admirable investment. In her first race, the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes at Derby, she started at 25 to 1, and ran her stable-companion, Heresy, to three-quarters of a length at 8 *lbs.* She now started at 50 to 1, from which it may be inferred that her chance was not much fancied by those who must have known most about her; indeed, Ostrogoth, who belonged to the same owner, was backed at a much shorter price. At worst, a beating by only half a length when giving 7 *lbs.* represents Riviera as the best horse in the race, and great as must have been the disappointment caused by her defeat, and large as were the sums lost in bets by her numerous backers, the money she gained by running second brought up her winnings in stakes to within a few pounds of 12,000*l.* It is probable, however, that Dearest got an exceptionally good start, and that Riviera was somewhat exhausted by her fractiousness at the post; nor should it be forgotten that wet days are proverbial for the success of outsiders. On these grounds it seems possible that Riviera scarcely ran up to her true form on this occasion. Nevertheless, there is another side to the question. Not only before the Produce Stakes at Kempton, but also before her previous race, the Rous Memorial Stakes at Newmarket, Riviera had been exceedingly irritable, and her admirers may do well by making sure that she is not developing an evil temper before they "plunge" on her in the future. It is needless to say that the professional bookmakers are immense gainers by the victory of Dearest.

The race which preceded the Great Breeders' Produce Stakes at Kempton was worth 1,000*l.*; but the inferiority of the form hitherto shown by the twelve starters, in comparison with that of the field in the latter race, may be understood when we say that the first favourite for the Champion Nursery Handicap was Ben, who had been beaten a length and a half at Manchester by Ponza, to whom Loup, the third favourite for the Produce Stakes, had given 7 *lbs.*, besides weight for sex, and a beating by two lengths, at Newcastle. He now ran very badly, and the

race was won by Mr. Maple's Lightfoot, a bay filly which he had purchased at the sale of Lord Rosslyn's yearlings for 520 guineas. Curiously enough, the second in the race, Sir J. Duke's Swallowfield, who was only beaten by half a length, had been bought at the same sale for 130 guineas.

For the Middle Park Plate, Semolina and Signorina were to race together for the first time, and the meeting between these two flying fillies was anticipated with interest; by far the greater number of the racing prophets, however, plumped unreservedly for the unbeaten Signorina. If the absence of Riviera's name from the entries was to be regretted, the starting of Le Nord almost made up for it, as he had run Riviera to a head for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, so that his position in the race would enable racing prophets to "take a line," as they call it, between Riviera and any other horse that might run. Martagon's form for the Produce Stakes at Kempton had seemed too bad to be true, and he was now to have an opportunity of showing whether this was the case, as well as whether he had been unlucky when beaten by a head by Signorina at Manchester. The enormous Alloway, also, had once run Signorina pretty closely, and he again was to throw down the gauntlet a second time to that filly.

Odds of 6 to 4 were laid upon Signorina, 7 to 2 was laid against Le Nord, who found many backers at that price, and 7 to 1 was laid pretty freely against Semolina, in spite of her eleven victories (including walks-over) to one defeat, and her winnings of more than 8,000*l.* in stakes. Alloway was considered to have a 14 to 1 chance; a few lovers of a forlorn hope backed Martagon at 25 to 1 regardless of his form at Kempton; and 50 to 1 was offered in vain against Golden Gate, Wildfire, Panthino, and Villejust. The favourite was a little fractious at the post, but the flag soon went down, and the party of nine got off on very even terms. Panthino made the running as far as the Bushes, where he gave place to Signorina. Just at this point Semolina, who was in the front rank, began to tire, and admitting that with her diminutive size she could hardly be expected to make a fight with the best of the larger two-year-olds, now that they have had time to mature, it was inconsistent with her previous form to be outpaced a quarter of a mile from home. Signorina sailed in front down the hill into the Abingdon Bottom, with Golden Gate and Le Nord racing hard against each other behind her; and she came on, up the opposite slope, in an easy, swinging gallop, winning, without being in the slightest degree pressed by her jockey (G. Barrett), by three lengths. There was a sharp contest between Le Nord, ridden by F. Barrett, and Golden Gate, ridden by Mornington Cannon, the former gaining second place by a head only. Semolina was fourth, at a clear interval, and then came Martagon and Alloway.

Golden Gate's close race with Le Nord says much for the truth of the running for the Produce Stakes at Kempton. The net result of the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, the Produce Stakes at Kempton, and the Middle Park Plate appears to be that, even if she had been hard pressed for the latter race, Signorina would be at least some pounds better than Riviera; and that, as she won with the greatest ease, she must be, at present, that filly's superior by many pounds, and unquestionably the best two-year-old that has run in public this season. Riviera, Le Nord, Dearest, and Golden Gate would seem, if we judge from the above running alone, to be very near each other, in the order given; for it must not be forgotten that Golden Gate was giving Dearest 5 *lbs.* more than weight for sex at Kempton, and something must be allowed for Dearest's advantage at the start. Mr. D. Baird's Golden Gate, who cost 950 guineas as a yearling, will be remembered as having been the winner of the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood. Of the five two-year-olds, including Signorina, only Riviera, Le Nord, and Golden Gate are entered for the Derby; but Surefoot and Heaume will probably add to the interest of that race. Chevalier E. Ginistrelli's Signorina has now won something more than 11,000*l.* in stakes, without meeting with a single defeat. She is a brown filly by St. Simon out of Star of Portici by Heir-at-Law out of Verena by De Ruyter. After her victory in the Middle Park Plate the critics were almost unanimous in declaring her to be the finest filly that had appeared on the Turf for many years, and without a fault in her conformation.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE exaggerated scare in the money market last week has been followed this week by unfounded confidence. At the beginning of last week brokers borrowed from the Bank of England over 3 millions at 6 per cent., and in some cases as much as 6½ per cent. was paid on the security of Treasury bills, while the rate of discount in the open market was about 4½ per cent. On Thursday of this week the rate of interest in the open market had fallen to 3½ per cent., and the rate of discount to the same figure. The cause of this extraordinary change in the feeling of the market was the efforts made by the two greatest financial houses to obtain gold abroad. It was brought from New York, Paris, Amsterdam, and Brazil last week, and this week it is announced that a million sterling will be received from the Imperial Bank of Russia within a few days. Altogether, about 2 millions sterling will thus be brought. If the joint-stock and private banks had co-operated with the Bank of England, and the discount-houses and bill-brokers had acted with judgment, this

would probably have sufficed. But unfortunately the fall in the rates of interest and discount have enabled gold to be withdrawn almost as rapidly as it has been received. During the week ended Wednesday night 836,000*l.* was sent into the Bank of England, but 610,000*l.* was withdrawn, so that the net gain was only 226,000*l.* Of this amount on the following day 143,000*l.* was lost. The chief demand is for Brazil, the causes of which are explained elsewhere. And, since the fall in rates here, the Brazilian demand seems to be increasing, for there is a handsome profit on the shipment of gold from London to Rio de Janeiro, since the paper currency stands at a considerable premium. The Argentine Republic is, however, preparing to withdraw large amounts. It has arranged with certain great houses in London and Paris for an advance of 8 millions sterling; and it is understood that it would have withdrawn a considerable amount this week were it not for the intervention of Messrs. Baring Brothers. There are also demands for South Africa, Egypt, Portugal, &c.; and the probability seems to be, therefore, that before very long the market will be seized with another fit of apprehension, and rates will rise as they did at the beginning of last week.

The easier condition of the money market has revived confidence upon the Stock Exchange, and there is a general recovery in prices. The French elections, it is argued, have assured peace, and the visit of the Czar to Berlin, as well as the welcome given to the British fleet at Kiel, has made a very good impression. But if peace is preserved it is contended prices must continue to rise. The great financial houses, the argument goes on, are all interested in keeping the money market easy, and may be trusted to do so. They are equally interested in supporting markets. We are to have before a year is out, it is said, the completion of the Russian Conversion. The conversion of the Egyptian Preference Debt, it is also assumed, is imminent. In Germany there is to be immediately an Italian loan. The Brazilian Conversion Loan in London is already followed by a small Conversion loan for the capital Rio. And there are other numerous Brazilian issues projected. The Argentine Government, too, has arranged for a loan of 8 millions sterling, and other Argentine issues are to follow. Then there are to be Peruvian issues and Chilean issues, and there are numerous South African and other Companies in preparation. If all this is to be accomplished, we are told speculators must be encouraged by affording them the accommodation they require on easy terms, and by insuring them favourable markets. It is possible, of course, that the great financial houses, by combining together, may succeed in their undertaking. But it is just possible, also, that events may prove too powerful for them. For example, money is in strong demand all over the world, and, therefore, if very much gold is taken from any one country, the money market of that country may be thrown into confusion and it may react upon other markets. Thus, it may be found impossible to obtain all the gold that is required to keep the money markets easy, and, indeed, we are inclined to think that, as the London money market has gone of late, the task set themselves by the great houses will prove no easy one. Then, again, political accidents of one kind or another may upset all calculations; and, lastly, it is to be borne in mind that speculation has now been rampant for many years, that it has carried prices to an unexampled height, and that it is scarcely possible to carry them much further.

The National Bank of Brazil is coming out at once in Paris. Its capital is 10 millions sterling; but only half is to be offered in Europe, and of that half only half is to be immediately called up. The shares are to be offered to the French public at a premium of 25 per cent. If any of our readers think of applying they will do well to inquire what justifies the premium of 25 per cent. before the Bank is actually established. No doubt the Brazilian Government will be a ready customer, but it is to be recollected that the Brazilian Budget ends every year in a huge deficit. No doubt, also, the chief propertied class—the planters—will be eager borrowers. But then it should be borne in mind that the planters are impoverished by the emancipation of their slaves without compensation. There may be a very large and profitable business to be done, but intending subscribers will do well to assure themselves that there is.

There are some doubts whether the new Argentine Loan of 8 millions is to be offered for public subscription this year. The time certainly seems very unfavourable. For two autumns in succession the London money market has been seriously disturbed by South American demands for gold. Last year it was the Argentine demand; this year, so far, it is the Brazilian. And if now the Argentine Republic has 8 millions set to its credit, it will be able to withdraw gold on the scale of last year. Besides, the Argentine Republic, the provinces, and the municipalities have been borrowing most recklessly in Europe for some years past. Within less than eight years the total of the Argentine issues in Europe has amounted to from 90 to 100 millions sterling, an enormous sum for a population of about 4 millions, not all of them of European descent. Over and above all this the finances of the Republic are in a very serious condition. Legal tender paper is worth less than half its nominal value, and though the Government has promised to stop further issues of paper, it does not appreciate. The land speculation has been carried beyond all bounds, and the country is going through a severe crisis. And, lastly, the Argentine Republic has not strictly observed its engagements with its creditors. It has not, for ex-

ample, carried out the law which established free banking, and unquestionably its conversion of the Hard Dollar Loan was not according to its promises. It would be well, then, if the Republic were compelled to abstain from adding to its debt for some years to come.

Improved trade, leading to a largely increased consumption of iron and steel, is encouraging an active speculation in Glasgow, where this week there has been a sharp rise in the price of Scotch pig-iron warrants.

THE THEATRES.

A MORE hopeless enterprise than that essayed by Mr. George Cockle at the Opera Comique is not often put forward at a West-End theatre. Without possessing the qualities which are essential for a composer of opera, he has set to music a very bad libretto of *The Lady of Lyons*, has engaged an inferior and unattractive company to perform the work, and leased for the purpose a house at which serious opera was never before given. Mr. Cockle is gifted with a certain amount of musical facility and cultivation. Some of his numbers are moderately tuneful, and if his orchestration is devoid of any special merit or attractiveness, at any rate he shows some knowledge of the business he has undertaken. But there is no reason of any kind why *The Castle of Como*, as the work is called, should be in the least degree popular. We are inclined to sympathize with an ambitious person placed as Mr. Cockle is. He desires to do something, and can do it well enough to avoid harsh criticism, but not nearly well enough to win approval. The hand of the amateur is obvious. He has admittedly tinkered the libretto, but without any knowledge of stage effect. The device of making Claude and Pauline advance to the footlights during their interview in Deschappelles's garden, letting down a heavy bank of clouds behind them and drawing it up to reveal the illuminated castle of Como, proved conclusively that no one who had a voice in the production of the opera was blessed with any sense either of the dramatic or of the ludicrous. Pauline's companions—bridesmaids, or whatever they are—leave the room, making obeisance to her as if she were a Princess. She thinks that she is to be one; but surely the merchants' daughters of Lyons did not thus bow down to another merchant's daughter because she was betrothed to a nobleman? The blunders and absurdities of *The Castle of Como* are, however, far too numerous for comment, and no good end would be gained by dwelling on them.

The second mistake on which we have to remark is *The Bungalow*, now being given at Toole's Theatre. The farce is an adaptation of a French piece, *La Garçonnière*, which was played last year, without bringing much credit to any one concerned in it, at the Théâtre Déjazet. In the process of adaptation it has become absolutely motiveless. There is no sort of reason why an elderly gentleman should have made an appointment to meet a young woman who was formerly his model, and wants to blackmail him, in the deserted bungalow of his prospective son-in-law; nor does it appear why two friends should secretly bring each other's wives to the same place and at the same time. Of course if one searches about for the missing motives they may be found; but that is not the business of the spectator, who should have a comprehensible scheme put before him. The plot, such as it is, or would be if the adapter had not restrained himself—unless it be, indeed, that the Licensor restrained him—is tediously trite. We have so often seen these errant husbands and flirting wives rushing in and out through doors and windows to avoid imminent discovery, and it is inevitable that an innocent man should be suspected of various offences which he has never intended to commit. One ought not, it may be said, to look at a French farce of this sort seriously; but then it is so feeble and worn that it makes one serious; and it is well for adapters to know that we have had enough of it, not to say too much. Mr. Charles Wyndham had the tact to perceive which way opinion was drifting, and he abandoned this class of piece at the Criterion some years ago. A company by which very fair work might be done if the opportunity were provided has been engaged at Toole's Theatre, and the least known member of it does best. This is Mr. F. Kaye, who gave a really humorous representation of that familiar stage figure, the timid husband who lives in terror of his wife. The part was very neatly and well sustained by this comedian, by whom, if he has played in London before, our attention has not hitherto been attracted. Mr. Charles Glenney and Mr. Yorke Stephens are actors of a certain capacity who know their business, and rarely fall below a modest level of competence; and very much the same may be said of the two actresses here associated with them, Miss Grahame and Miss Vane Featherston. A Mr. Compton Coutts almost creates sympathy for himself by his feeble and totally misdirected effort to bestow character upon the part he undertakes, one of the husbands who visit the bungalow. Mr. Coutts awakened in us a feeling of profound melancholy. Miss Helen Forsyth and Miss Cicely Richards do what they can to brighten a play that is deficient in all good qualities.

Very pleasant is it to turn from two mistakes in theatrical enterprise to an undertaking which has proved itself very much the reverse of mistaken. Mr. Buchanan's *A Man's Shadow* (adapted from *Roger la Honte*), at the Haymarket, improves greatly on acquaintance. The inherent weaknesses of the French story are now, by closer playing, far better concealed than they

were, and the whole effect of the play has been improved by many subtle exercises of Mr. Tree's tact and experience. He himself, as we prophesied, has developed his performance of Luversan, the spy, into a very striking and original study of character, and at the same time he has imparted many new and distinctive touches to the somewhat conventional character of the falsely-accused Laroque, which in the early presentations of the piece seemed a little colourless. Both by him and by Mr. Fernandez the trial scene is played to what may be fairly called perfection. Miss Norreys has gained sprightliness as Victoire, Miss Julia Neilson has found more strength as Madame de Noirville. For Mrs. Tree's graceful, yet forcible, performance of Madame Laroque throughout nothing but praise can be found; but the very highest praise must be given to the truth and tenderness of her acting in two scenes of a singularly moving character; that in which she falls fainting at the door through which her husband, whom she loves for all she believes him guilty, has been taken in custody, and the last scene of the piece, where the adapter's ingenuity has provided a succession of stirring episodes. In both scenes the impression produced by the acting is of a kind seldom experienced.

ROGUES ALL!

["Every honest man in Ireland was opposed to the Union."—Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT.]

WHAT! "every honest man"? A crushing sentence
From those authoritative lips to fall.
Rogues, all the others?—rogues beyond repentance?
No H-rc-rt to be found among them all?

Almost you have achieved the refutation,
Stern moralist, of Burke's oft-quoted words;
For, if you have not quite arraigned a nation,
You have indicted—well, a good two-thirds.

Rogues all, rogues all, whoe'er acclaimed the Union,
In any rank, of either race or creed,
And whether of the dominant communion
Or of the Church aspiring to be freed.

Rogues all who drafted or subscribed the addresses
Showered upon the Castle fast and thick;
Whole knavish towns with rascals for burgesses—
Cork, Waterford, Kilkenny, Limerick.

Rogues all those county members whom so clearly
Ireland discerned and spurned as false to her
That their constituents punished them severely
By sending them to sit at Westminster.

Vile traitors to their country, all who classed it
Her higher fate an Empire's life to share;
Rogues all who voted for the scheme, and passed it,
A roguery the last great speech of Clare.

A sorry sight, a sight to disconcert you,
This mass corrupt of tricksters, sweetened not
By one faint foretaste of Gladstonian virtue,
By one redeeming H-rc-rt in the lot.

How those pale shades in their Elysian limbo
Must cower to hear this lofty judge condemn;
This brazen-blusterous censor, arms a-kimbo,
Pronouncing thus upon their deeds and them!

Doubtless the damning charge which so doth flutter
That shadowy band of long-departed knaves,
These Unionists had heard opponents utter
Full oft, ere they descended to their graves.

But never, never can the accusation
Have fallen so shattering of all defence,
Weighted with such a weight of reputation,
Strong with such strength of ripe experience.

Is virtue Separatism's nursing mother?
Is Unionism falsehood's hateful growth?
It must be so;—on such a point none other
Can speak like H-rc-rt, for he's tried them both.

The enemy of the Union, once enlisted
For its defence, must know, we all allow,
Save by the light of conscience, unassisted,
Whether he was less honest than than now.

REVIEWS.

A CENTURY OF REVOLUTION.*

THE critic is not that member of the human race who least frequently prays to be saved from his friends, with or without the usual apparently arrogant, but assuredly not quite

nonsensical, addition that he can protect himself from his enemies. Whether the critical temperament is or is not inimical to the productive—whether the difficulty which a man inclined by nature and trained by practice to be critical finds in "letting himself go," in dismissing the thought "What will the fellows on the other side have to say to this?" is really a great hindrance, or a hindrance at all, to work, is a question which we cannot argue out here. But it is certain that in no books is the critic so sensitive to uncritical faults as in books with the general purport of which he agrees. He knows what "the other fellows will say" well enough, and the knowledge which in the case of an enemy converts itself into a joyful "thou hast given a handle" is here a positive pain and grief. Of course there are critics who are not troubled by these fine fancies, who simply set the trumpet to their lips and blow for anybody who speaks on their own side, and either do not care (nor perhaps know) what will be said on the other side, or at least hope to overbray it. That is not the fashion in which we understand criticism, and we hereby register a declaration, which may or may not meet with credence, that we would very much rather tackle the most formidable book that ever appeared, the principles of which we do not agree with (let us say something of Hume's or of Voltaire's), than have to be umpire of the swashing blow of such a champion as the author of the book before us.

Not that there is not much good in Mr. Lilly. He is on the right side to begin with; and his swashing blows are by no means always, or even very often, delivered *dans l'eau*. His book, which attempts to meet in mid-way and fight fairly with the general principle that the French Revolution was in its results, if not in itself (but preferably in itself as well as in its results), a boon to mankind, is an attempt in a direction which is the right direction. On many detailed points his argument is sound and happy. He deals with Mr. John Morley, who is his chief antagonist, very well, exposing the curious contrasts in that very puzzling writer's work, emphasizing the oddly extreme views which, nobody quite knows how, have embodied themselves—both as to religion, as to sociology, and as to politics—in a man who, on some sides of his talent and most sides of his character, seems to be fitted for nothing so much as the office of an intelligent Conservative; and preserving throughout the good manners which are seldom more required than in a controversy with Mr. Morley, who never forgets his own manners, except in reference to the Deity, the Christian religion, and the House of Lords. When Mr. Lilly comes across such a *promachos* of the other side as M. Zola he is still better. We sit unbuttoned on the bench and applaud as we see him "get home" on the various points of M. Zola's uncomely person, with something like the delight, half critical and half ferocious, which might have been felt (but for the very unsportsmanlike close of that mill) by any spectator of the turn-up between the Amateur and the Baker. Every now and then Mr. Lilly goes straight to the point, as where he says—upsetting himself a little, though he does not know it—that "you do not explain a thing by tracing it back to its rudimentary forms." Most assuredly you do not; and the remark simply cleaves all modern "scientism" to the breastbone. The *aperçus* throughout the book to which we might give hardly less praise are numberless. Mr. Lilly, indeed, has nowhere put clearly (we do not know the modern political philosopher who has) the most fatal logical lapse of the revolutionary and Democratic dogma; its oblivion of the fact that, while proclaiming loudly the rights of the individual and the equality of man, it practically abrogates equality and rights in favour of what we have often called here "the absolutely irrational tyranny of the fifty-one over the forty-nine," though every person in the forty-nine has rights and equality just as much as every person of the fifty-one; but if he has missed this fatal blunder he has "spotted" many others. He has, as the Laureate says, "ruining overthrown" the notion that any liberty worth the name exists in France now. He has shown very well, indeed, that the revolutionary doctrine, whether as shown in a dead dog like the late M. Paul Bert, or in a live lion like Mr. Morley, represents nothing so much as a kind of anti-religious mania, as *infâme* as any superstition or religion which it attacks, and wholly destitute of the justification *ex hypothesi* which those religions and superstitions have had. And, let us add, he has taken with his book the trouble which used to be common, but which is now rare, of arranging it in such a fashion with elaborately reasoned contents, an unusually full index, and so forth, that any one may see the drift of his argument and the gist of his principal conclusions. This service, mechanical as it may seem, is not a small one, and for the want of it many books of the present day, some on the right side and some on the wrong, are likely to be and to remain long unread. Few modern men excel in arrangement; hardly any modern man at all takes trouble enough to give his reader a clue to whatsoever arrangement he has been good enough to take the trouble to devise for the purpose of putting his thoughts before those who wish to acquaint themselves with them.

And yet, as we have hinted, we find Mr. Lilly very irritating at times. Minor matters of expression are, perhaps, of little importance. But still, though Thérèse Levasseur was not a nice person in her later days (if she was at any time), what do you gain by calling her Rousseau's "filthy concubine"? It is surely as well to leave language of that kind, especially in reference to a person who was certainly at first more sinned against than sinning, to the other side. Then we have Diderot. Mr. Lilly never seems quite to know where to have his Diderot. At one

* *A Century of Revolution*. By W. S. Lilly. London: Chapman & Hall, 1889.

time he is a "gluttonous and obscene blasphemer," a "libidinous materialist," an "indescribably filthy writer and no less filthy liver" (we know our Diderot pretty well, but the authority for this last exaggeration of his compliance with certain loose fashions of the time is not known to us), and so forth. But when Mr. Lilly comes to M. Zola, and the affiliation order which that dirty little talent serves on Diderot's great and often quite clean genius, he has to admit the "vastness" of the "genius"; he has to quote the affirmation of artistic truth, which cuts Naturalism at the root, and leaves it a rotting, lifeless weed—the demand for "quelque chose ultérieure à la nature"—he has to allow that "he could discourse on occasion admirably well." These things do not agree admirably well together. That Diderot wrote, and took money for writing, things which he had much better have left alone; that he followed the fashions of his day to decay, not merely conventions, but principles of which his sounder sense should have shown him, and did at times show him, the sacredness, is perfectly true, and is lamentable enough. That he was not a proper moral man (just as his contemporary Bet Flint, whom Dr. Johnson "loved," was certainly not a proper moral woman) is equally true. But we at least ask nothing better than the twenty volumes of Diderot wherewith to smash the revolutionaries in religion, art, literature, and politics out of their own prophet's mouth; and for this, as well as for his "vast genius," which Mr. Lilly admits, and for the admirable humour and humanity which perhaps he does not recognize, we say that the second, and not the first, *Cantica* of any new Divine Comedy describes the place of his lot.

But there is much worse than this in Mr. Lilly; for undoubtedly large parts of Diderot require a very strong stomach to digest them. Mr. Lilly, while directing his swashing blows at revolutionary Liberalism, revolutionary Democracy, revolutionary science, still protests himself a Liberal, a Democrat, a scientist even. He is desperately wroth with "Renaissance Absolutism," and the wicked Stuarts who followed it; he adores "the great event of 1688"; he thinks that "the German type of Democracy, in harmony with the facts of history and of science," is just the nicest thing you ever saw. "In this disciplined law-abiding and architectonic [ah! the blessedness of five syllables!] democracy of Germany [shall we look for it at Vaduz? Is it in Reuss-Greiz that they sell him, the architectonic democracy?] we may reasonably hope to see the great problem of the age receive its solution." "Democracy must be scientific; it must accept the facts of all the sciences." "*Ach! mein lieber Mr. Lilly!*" might a man say, "*er kennt nicht*," and so forth. Far be it from us to use bad language of the great Liberal party in the past. It has furnished, and is furnishing, much valuable resistance, and some valuable aggressive action, on the side of truth. Far be it from us, again, to say that the party which, under various names, has opposed the Liberal party has been always in the right. On the contrary, it has exercised much mistaken tyranny, has fought for many things not worth fighting for, has opposed many things which might have been very well admitted. But the sordid, immovable, inexorable fact remains that a man who opposes the revolutionary spirit, and "cracks up" the great event of 1688, who thunders against Democracy, and then says that there is a kind of democracy which is the solution of all troubles; who attacks the corner-stones of modern science, as we have seen, and urges the wholesale adoption of the building, leaves himself open to the most crushing retorts from his adversaries. You can only attack Democracy with any effect by showing (which it is easy enough to do) that Democracy means unreason, and can only become reasonable in proportion as it denies or ignores its own principles and ceases to be democratic. What are "all the facts of science" which Mr. Lilly wants "recognized"? The facts of science which, as he himself says, and as Hume said long before him, explain nothing? What has science, in any sense of the word usually understood, to do with politics at all? History has to do hugely with them, philosophy has to do, literature has to do, even art in a way has to do—but what has science? Nothing. And when we have the great event of 1688 cried up and the great event of 1789 cried down, it is impossible for a sane critic, even while allowing for the vast difference of manner in the two events, not to admit that the principle of the two was the same. Let us put it for Mr. Lilly in a very simple fashion. Two schools simultaneously "bar out" and succeed. The one elects masters, arranges its work and its play sensibly, abides by the rules in both, and gets on rather better than before. The other makes bonfires of the forms, invites bad characters into the dormitories, abolishes honest beef and mutton for various varieties of "sock," and so forth. A very great difference of result, no doubt. But what has the difference of result to do with the original propriety of the barring out? Will one any more than the other decide the question whether periodical barrings-out are the proper or improper basis of school-government?

NOVELS.*

IF the dialect novel is to be an established institution with us as it is in America, our novelists must be more assiduous

* *The Tree of Knowledge*. By G. M. Robins. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1889.

The Scotts of Westminster. By J. Masterman. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1889.

students than the author of *The Tree of Knowledge*. Mrs., or Miss, Robins, it is fair to add, obviously tires of her undertaking in this Devonshire story, and after the first volume surrenders at discretion. At the outset, however, moved by the example of Mr. Blackmore, Mr. Baring-Gould, and the author of *Troy Town*, or emulative of the varying success of *Westward Ho! Adam and Eve*, and *The Dwale Bluth*, the writer shows a certain alacrity of confidence. There are the rustic folk of Devon picturesquely presented in juxtaposition to the neighbouring gentry and fashionable visitors from London. The country people speak what purports to be Devonshire speech, but it is of the kind that is manufactured to order, as stage properties are, and will strike a native with the sense of shame that overwhelms the stranger. The scene opens in a fairy-like combe, lying deep in the tolerably bare, well-farmed, uninteresting uplands of the sea-coast. The place is not ill described. Many such luxuriant combes surprise the wanderer over the hills along the coast between Axe and Exe, or between Berry Head and Salcombe. From the geological indications this secluded Devonian Eden, where two murders are attempted, one of them successfully, in the course of a few weeks, is not a hundred miles from the mouth of the Axe or Beer Head. From the dialectical evidence the man of Devon would be justified in identifying the district with the city of *Weissnichtwo*, or where you please. The story, though well enough written, as the average goes, is preposterous in incident, weak in characterization, and mawkish in tone. The heroine is one of the most exasperating specimens of the *ingénue* conceivable. She is reared by three maiden aunts to the age of nineteen in a state of innocence, ignorance, and lack of raiment, which prepares the reader for the disillusion that falls upon the wealthy and mysterious Percival after his marriage with her. This same Percival, though a barren prig, does her knightly service. He suddenly appears on the coast in his yacht, *The Swan*, as her champion, when she is suspected by the shrewd, hard-headed country magistrate, Henry Fowler—not Henry the Fowler—of the murder of her half-brother, an odious little brat with large expectations. From the first the real murderer is palpable to every reader—he is the village idiot, and a very proper person for the deed—yet Henry Fowler, whose common sense is much vaunted, and who is a friend of the lovely Elaine, is determined, like another Justice Shallow, to make a case of it—a Constance Kent affair. 'Tis the foolishhest business imaginable. Percival soon tracks the matter out, and is taken for better or worse by Elaine, or for pure gratitude or love of filthy lucre. As she is known by two names, so is he made to play two parts. He is now the knightly Percival, now the mystical Lohengrin. She is Elaine when Percival is called upon for the Arthurian part, and Elsa when he is required in the Wagnerian character. By this theatrical doubling the reader is made to feel all the agonies of a distressed call-boy fresh from school. The remaining persons in this Devonshire story pale their ineffectual fires in the company of the resplendent hero. They may be left out of the account. In the end Elaine-Elsa tells the secret of Percival's mystery to an enemy; and, after a fatuous scene between the two, as dreary, yet not so long as the duet in *Lohengrin*, the *Swan* sets sail with her party from the Devonian valley of Avilion, "to be lost evermore in the main."

The dialect in *The Tree of Knowledge* needs not to be extensively sampled. The following may pass well for English rustic speech in novels, but it is as like Lowland Scots as Devonshire:—"Me mother said a was t'ask yer if yer was goin' to get your dinner aout, same as yesterday, or if yer'd get your dinner here to-day?" Again, p. 37, vol. i., we have, "Well, now, I dā say that it's nice to see you, Miss Ullin, and Jane tā! Come along in out of the heat—come into the rhūme. Is all the ladies well? How dā they like this weatherr, and how dā yew like it yourself, Miss Ullin, my dearr?" This last sample is referred to by the author as "the Devonshire dialect," and the "soft liquid French sound of the u" is noticed, contrasted with "the rough burr of the r." What is meant by the "burr" in Devonshire dialect we know not, "burr" having but one meaning in speech, and one that is familiar to every one who crosses the Tyne northwards. The confusion of pronouns, "yer," and so forth, and, in other sentences, "them" for "those," instead of "they," is entirely misleading. The old formula ought to have served the author in this particular:—"Wāt vor this gallers they gūsen-chicks?" "Wāt vor I gallers they gūsen-chicks! Wāt vor they gūsen-chicks vader bite my leg vor than?" And better still had it been if the author had studied the vernacular as it is written in the book of *The Astonishing History of Troy Town* (Cassell & Co.) The admirable fidelity with which the Devonshire speech is reproduced, in spirit and suggested to the eye and ear, in this diverting chronicle has been some time recognized by natives and dwellers in the South Hams and adjacent parts. Of the precise locality indicated by the author there is still, we believe, some contention among judges. For aught we know, as Chaucer says of his shipman, "it is of Dartmouth" that "Q." writes. Caleb Trotter, for all his Wellerisms and Ramsbottomisms, is imitable. That West Saxon speech, with its so-called Americanisms, which the Devonshire folk introduced into New England, where it does still mightily prevail, though corrupted, is immortalized in the mouth of Caleb Trotter. The racy humour, the idioms, the inflexions, are reproduced with unsurpassed truth and purity; while the author's skill in suggesting the pronunciation is as remarkable as it is rare. We take by hap a typical

IF Mr. I imp that ther of the fo with a di Augustu how the illustrate of the " an introd which ha book. M tion suffe making" by Orient tended t to Rome, by the E reign of I His choic full sym apprehen Parliamen says, ther fundamen It was un he was no and that h ment of d an unwrit force from as the sp herited fr subject, v The assert by the m probably put togeth numberless lare yet t the achiev freely crit migration he justly s unjust to were gross)

* *The Begs Nations to Macmillan d*

example, as a lesson for hardy experimenters like the author of *The Tree of Knowledge*:—

You've heard me spake, sir, o' Joe Bonaday, him as made poetry 'long wi' me wan time when lying becalmed off Ilfrycombe? Well, this Joe were a Barnstable man, bred an' born. But he had a brother—Sam were hes name—as came an' settled out Carne way; "ould These-an'-Thicky," us used to call 'n. Sam was a crowder, you must know, an' used to play the fiddle over to Tregarick fair; but he cudn' niver play more 'n two tunes. "Which 'll 'ee ha'," he used to say, "which 'll 'ee ha'—these or thicky?" That's why, though he was chris'n'd Sam, us used to call 'n These-an'-Thicky for short.

To cite more of Caleb's stories at this date is needless. Most people who have been stopping westward this season know all about the humours of Troy, whether it be this side of the Tamar or the other, and have laughed with the irrepressible Caleb "and that astounding Admiral, and the Twins and Tamsin." For the rest there is the new edition to hand, and we trust it may be "jest pull hot foot" to get it.

Mr. Masterman is, or ought to be, a very fortunate man. He deserves the admiration of all the ladies of the land who read novels, not merely that *The Scotts of Bestminster* is bright, wholesome, and amusing, but for the unparalleled and impeccable description it contains of the trials of a young mother and her first born. The story of poor Mrs. Scott, inexperienced, ill, travelling in India with her sick husband, charged with the care of a tender and wonderful infant, is told with admirable truth and a blended pathos and humour that is perfectly unaffected. The situation has never, to our knowledge, been so happily depicted, and if Mr. Masterman had done nothing more than refute the vulgar fallacy that only women know anything of the ways of babies, he is entitled to the sincerest commendation of his book. But there are other good things in store for the reader. The characters are, for the most part, firmly characterized. Life in India and English country life are faithfully presented, and with nothing of over-colour or eccentricity in the treatment. Mrs. Smith, though a little too suggestive of a lady in a Gilbert-and-Sullivan operetta, is an amusing sketch of a vulgar, good-hearted, consequential woman, not altogether unrecognizable as a type of Anglo-Indian society. The episode of a shipwreck on some not unfriendly isles in the Indian Ocean, though rather inordinately spun out, is cleverly imagined, and shows that an old and picturesque device of novelists is by no means exhausted of its interest. Altogether, *The Scotts of Bestminster* is full of capable work, and readable from cover to cover.

NEW ENGLAND.*

IF Mr. Fiske had cut out his first chapter he would greatly have improved his book. It does not seem to have struck him that there was anything ridiculous in beginning a short account of the foundation and early history of the New England colonies with a discussion as to the import of the dethronement of Romulus Augustulus in 476, or that his readers might resent being told how the subject of some of Professor Freeman's lectures at Oxford illustrates his opinion as to the necessity of studying the history of the "Dark Ages." He has prefaced his legitimate work with an introduction mainly on the "English idea" of representation, which has no very considerable bearing on the general contents of his book. Much of what he has written about political representation suffers from his ambiguous phraseology. The term "nation-making" is applied alike to the enslavement of foreign nations by Oriental monarchs, to the denationalizing decrees which extended the Roman citizenship to men of the nations subject to Rome, and to the adoption of Parliamentary representation by the English. Surely there was an English nation before the reign of Edward I. Nor is the author's history above reproach. His choice of Frederic II. as an example of a great monarch in full sympathy with his subjects is certainly peculiar. He misapprehends and overstates the constitutional importance of the Parliament summoned by Simon de Montfort in 1265, when, he says, there was "first asserted and applied at Westminster the fundamental principle of 'no taxation without representation.'" It was unwise to mention Wycliffe without having learnt that he was not a "professor," as the word is now used, at Oxford, and that he was not a "free-thinker," to talk about the punishment of death for heresy without having learnt that there was an unwritten Common Law in England, which did not derive its force from Acts of Parliament, or, lastly, to choose "fine tact" as the special characteristic which Elizabeth must have inherited from her mother. When he at last gets to his proper subject, we find much to praise and very little to blame. The assertion that the abolition of tithes has been adopted by the more civilized portions of the Protestant world is probably a mere bit of hasty writing. The narrative is well put together, and is far more brightly told than any of the numberless short accounts of the early days of New England that have yet reached us. While dwelling with laudable pride on the achievements of the settlers and the results of their work, he freely criticizes their motives and actions. That the Puritan migration was undertaken in the interests of religious liberty is, he justly says, "nonsense," and he pleads that it is consequently unjust to charge the colonists with inconsistency because they were grossly intolerant. They left England in order to establish

a theocratic community, and their scheme did not admit of religious liberty. Nor were they likely, in the face of the dangers which surrounded them, to be tolerant of anything which tended to weaken or destroy unity of feeling. Dissent from the general religion almost necessarily implied political discontent, and they acted on the principle enunciated by Arnold, a leading citizen of Providence, with reference to Gorton's case, that "there is no State but in the first place will seek to preserve its own safety and peace." Mr. Fiske's statement of the merits and defects inherent in the theocratic idea, and especially apparent in Massachusetts, where it was most thoroughly followed out, is well considered, and his treatment of the whole question of the attitude of the New England colonists with reference to religious liberty is vigorous and interesting. He carries his narrative down to the grant of the Massachusetts charter of 1692, and appends a useful bibliographical note, in which we are glad to observe a warm acknowledgment of the impartiality and accuracy of Mr. Doyle's work, *The English in America*.

THE BLIND.*

THIS very industrious Commission, of which Lord Egerton of Tatton was the chairman, was appointed in January 1886. It visited almost all the institutions for the blind and the deaf and dumb, not only in the United Kingdom, but in Paris, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. It also made a thorough inquiry into the principles on which such institutions are conducted in the United States. In the present article we propose to confine our observations to the blind, leaving the deaf and dumb for another occasion; and, as the well-to-do blind are few in number and are usually well cared for, and have the benefit of all the modern appliances which have been invented for the alleviation of their sad lot, it will hardly be necessary to say more about them than that it is from their class, as might be expected, that the most conspicuous instances of energy in the endeavour to overcome the effects of the terrible disqualification under which they suffer have come. The late Mr. Fawcett is a well-known example of that energy, and there are others whom it is unnecessary here to mention. One instance of an effort to overcome the disabilities of blindness which is related by the Commissioners we cannot forbear from quoting. At the college at Worcester, which is a college for the higher education of blind people, the pupils were playing at football with a basket-ball enclosing a bell, and walking on stilts with perfect fearlessness.

To the seeing (we dislike the word "sighted," which is the one most in use among people associated with the blind to indicate those who have sight) blindness is such an overwhelming calamity that it seems almost brutal to do anything with the blind but to enable them to lead comfortable lives at the expense of somebody else. By the statute 43 Eliz. c. 2, it was provided that the relatives of blind people, being of sufficient ability, should maintain them; but in the case of the poor it must often happen that the relatives are not of sufficient ability, and in that case the poor blind had no resource but the workhouse or begging, with or without "a musical instrument"—hence the familiar blind fiddler. By recent legislation the guardians of the poor have been empowered to provide for the maintenance and education of the blind, in schools and other institutions, and to subscribe to the support of such institutions.

That the blind could be taught many things which would make their lives brighter and happier, and make themselves more useful members of the community, has apparently, in England at least, been a discovery of the present century. In 1800 there were but four institutions for the blind in the United Kingdom. There are now sixty-one of various kinds, mostly schools and workshops. The idea that the blind should be provided for comfortably appears to have been acted upon in Saxony, and the result is well told by Herr Büttner, the director of the institution at Dresden, in a memorandum quoted in the Report. After stating the reasons why an asylum was established in which the blind might live, "free from care and the chicaneries of the world" (the ideal condition, be it observed), he goes on:—

This asylum was not a success, for the expenses were so great that only a few of the blind discharged from the institution could be provided for; the greater number fell back again into beggary. There was great discontent in the asylum. The men thought it beneath their dignity to rise, take their meals, and work by the clock. They only thought of the restriction to their liberty, and, having grown accustomed to the acts of benevolence done them, they demanded them as a right. The women, living without care and distraction, became shrewish, and embittered their own lives for mere trifles.

Experience in other cases shows that this may be taken as a fair account of the results of the comfortable system. We must harden our hearts, and for the sake of the blind themselves and of society, remove them from mendicancy, and teach them what they can be taught.

By the last Census the number of blind persons in England was 22,832, in Scotland 3,158, in Ireland 6,111, and in the Isle of Man and Channel Islands 195; total, 32,296. But the Commissioners think that these figures do not represent the real number, as persons who can see enough to walk about and can distinguish light and darkness are reluctant to include themselves

* Report of the Royal Commission on the Blind, the Deaf, and Dumb, &c., of the United Kingdom. 1889.

* *The Beginnings of New England; or, the Puritan Theocracy in its Relations to Civil and Religious Liberty.* By John Fiske. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

among the blind. Many causes of blindness are preventable, and it is satisfactory to find that there has been a sensible decrease in the number of blind persons within the last thirty years. More than one-fourth of the blind in the United Kingdom have lost their sight from purulent ophthalmia at birth, a malady which might be greatly diminished, if not almost altogether extinguished, by proper treatment. The Commission recommends that information on this subject should be circulated through the Post Office. In Germany the importance of proper treatment at this stage is recognized, and stringent laws exist providing for the calling in of a doctor in cases where the malady exists and forbidding, under penalties, treatment by anybody but a doctor.

It is obvious, of course, that the numerous so-called accidents from flying shuttles, from burns by fire or acids, and from flying stones or chips in workshops could be greatly diminished by care; and, if English people could abstain from blows, probably there would be fewer blind people by one-third. The blind may be divided into three classes—namely, those blind from birth, those who have become blind in after-life, and the aged blind; and these again may be subdivided into those who are totally blind and those who can see a little light. For educational purposes these latter are rightly classified as blind; but their condition is very different from that of the totally blind, as they are much less dependent.

It is evident to those who are much associated with the blind that those who have lost their sight from birth live in altogether a different world from the seeing—a world in which there is no identification even of their most intimate companions save by hearing or touch—a world in which a person's idea of the human countenance must be derived from feeling his or her own face, and in which there can be no idea of the human eye—a world of utter darkness, in which there is no colour and only such shapes as may be distinguished by touch; in which, in fact, all that is taken in through the eye is absent—a world the dweller in which is supremely helpless. Is it possible that such a world can be otherwise than a sad one? The blind show that it is a sad one by the expression of their faces, which in many cases is singularly distressing; to enter a room in which there are many blind people, and to observe that there is no recognition except by the sound of the voice or the footstep, is a sad experience. It is difficult for the seeing to imagine the lives such people lead; but it is certain that the self-concentration which is the effect of the loss of sight is bad for them; that they can do work, and that they can learn, and that learning and work are good for them. Reading is taught by touch. A book is a number of large sheets of paper which have been stamped in such a manner that small protuberances appear on the other side; these represent letters and words, according to their form. A clever boy can learn to read this raised or embossed type in about one year; but the average time for a child is about two years. When proficient they can read almost as quickly as the seeing. Their literature is necessarily limited; but the Bible, an English history, and other books, have been prepared in this raised type, and there is also a magazine on purpose for the blind. Writing is taught in the same way, the scholars stamping out the letters themselves. There is a most ingenious system of teaching arithmetic by means of a perforated metal plate, a description of which would make us exceed our limits; but by it children can do long Reduction and Rule-of-three sums with great readiness. Basket-making, mat-making, brush-making, and chair-caning are taught with success to men, and chair-caning and knitting to women and girls. But music is undoubtedly the most important subject of education for the blind. It is a mistake to suppose that blind people have a better ear for music than others. Their sense of hearing may possibly be keener from cultivation, but the reason they become musicians is, first, that music gives them one of the few pleasures which life affords, and, secondly, that to those with an ear it is not extremely difficult to learn. In Paris music has been more effectually taught than anywhere in England, and a good percentage of the blind are there doing well by its means. In England some few are gaining a living by pianoforte-tuning, and even by playing the organ and other instruments, but comparatively few who learn music are able to make their living by it.

Of the blind trained in institutions it would appear that 42 per cent. do not after leaving continue to practise the industry taught them, while about 34 per cent. of the remainder do work, but do not earn more than 5s. a week. "This," say the Commissioners, "indicates a great deal of indifferent teaching or want of proper facilities for working and disposing of their work." In another part of their Report, however, the Commissioners admit, as might be expected, that the blind cannot compete on equal terms with the seeing. They make some kinds of rough baskets and some kinds of mats so nearly as well that the difference can hardly be perceived, but the blind suffer from other disabilities besides blindness. They very seldom have strong health. When physical weakness is added to blindness, it is difficult to see how they could compete with healthy seeing people.

There is a great desire among the blind to teach their blind brethren, and also a desire among the latter to be taught by the blind, and this is done to a great extent in England, and almost entirely at the Institution Nationale in Paris, but the supervision of seeing persons appears necessary. It is worthy of remark that one or two blind witnesses impressed on the Commissioners that, in the event of there being Government inspection of schools for the blind, the inspectors should be blind men, "because a seeing

man would never be severe enough in demanding the full powers of the blind."

But it is time to come to the recommendations of the Commissioners. They recommend that the provisions of the Education Act should be extended to the blind, and that their attendance at a school or institution should be enforced from the age of 5 to the age of 16—that is to say, at a public elementary school from 5 to 12, and at a technical or industrial training school from 12 to 16—and that, where the number is too small to form a class, the educational authority should have power to send the child to an existing institution or to provide one in conjunction with other authorities. And that, to cover the expenses, a capitation grant of half the cost of instruction should be given. Under the London School Board the annual cost of educating a blind child is 9l. 10s. 5d., and at Cardiff, Bradford, and Sunderland 7l. 3s. 1d. Educating a seeing child in the same school would cost, in round numbers, something under 2l. The difficulty of educating blind children in day schools is the trouble of getting them to and from the schools, as they have to be attended, and, therefore, schools in which blind children alone are taught would seem out of the question, unless they could be boarding schools. Probably the best plan, on the whole, if boarding schools cannot be provided, is the special class recommended by the Commissioners in elementary schools, with a grant per head to cover the extra cost; but we hardly see how compulsion could be worked. With regard to the adult blind, the Commissioners recommend the adoption of the system in use in Saxony of supervision and help after leaving the institution; for the details of this system the Report must be referred to.

The Commissioners say "the aged blind in workhouses at present pass a wretched existence," but it is exceedingly difficult to find any remedy for their condition. There are numerous charities for the blind, and the Commissioners recommend improved supervision of and intercommunication between such charities. Under them a good many blind people receive small pensions; if they were better managed, more would have the benefit of them. There is one recommendation of the Commissioners in which we heartily agree—namely, that the intermarriage of the blind should be strongly discouraged; how their intermarriage should come about at all seems odd, but we should very much like some more information as to the form the discouragement is to take.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

THE Sardinian Tales (1) of Signor Giovanni Saragat are admirably illustrative of the manners and customs, patriarchal and picturesque, of the island of Sardinia. When they are descriptive it is with so excellent a sense of proportion that, although we see and breathe the air of a land not often trodden by the tourist, it is but as a background to the sturdy, ignorant, dignified figures of its people. There is a freshness and *maestria* in the writer's character-sketches which bring us nearer to them than any holiday exploration could do. For, although we might meet with an Ignazia, type of healthy feminine vigour, magnanimity, and common sense, with an Antonicu type of village youth and bravery, with an epicurean Tio Antioco and a pious but hot-tempered Tio Francesco-Angelo, with an innocent youth of military experience who has served his three years on the mainland, and even with his sister Mariadda, the fair little saint whose heart is torn between the rival claims of earthly and spiritual love, they would not open their hearts to us as they do in these pleasant pages. It is even doubtful whether they would admit us to their feasts, fights, serenades, and secret meetings, exclusion from which would mean the loss of much quaint and picturesque experience. Other sides of native character are revealed in the burglary of Coixedda, the parish priest disguised as the Devil, the vendetta of Prete Andrea, and the immunity accorded to him by the six jurymen who declared him innocent. All these things are told with an absence of declamatory emphasis, a tenderness, a humour, a suggestive and almost impersonal irony that mark one well acquainted with a people set apart from the common-places of civilization.

Sulla Montagna ("On the Heights") (2) is a strong and touching story of peasant life, as true as only the best art can be to nature, reproducing the very atmosphere of the Marches, redolent of its harvests, eloquent of the toils, the simple pleasures, the passions and the beliefs of its primitive people. The idyllic lovers are not more idealized than is the prerogative of all right-minded heroes and heroines; the most carping and least optimistic of critics will hardly cavil at the "illusion" of their steadfastness and innocence. The agony of Antonuccio's unmerited disgrace; how fair Menica and Agnese the witch bore witness for him; what Agnese said to the judge in open court "con rispetto parlando"; the confession of Lo Storto, a village Iago; how the choleric parish priest (whose sermons, beginning "umanissimi uditori," were wont to end with "voi altri canaglia") repented him of injustice, and how happy the lovers were made for ever afterwards, are things so excellently told by the Signora Pigorini-Beci that they are better read than discussed.

Signor F. de Roberto, in a prefatory letter to his publisher, in which he incidentally designates M. Zola as the "master of

(1) *Di là dal mare*. Da Giovanni Saragat. Milano: Brigola & Co.
(2) *Sulla Montagna*. Da Caterina Pigorini-Beci. Roma: Direzione della Nuova Antologia.

masters," apologizes for the idealism of *Documenti umani* (3). These idealistic (?) tales follow closely on the production of *Sorte*, a work so suggestive of the manner of the "master of masters" that Signor Treves declined to publish it, not only on account of its ethical and artistic poverty, but because he held such works "to be injurious to the good taste of the younger generation, and believed the writer's talent to be capable of better things." Signor de Roberto is much imbued with Gallicism. His dissertation on the right of every man to write how and what he pleases is a wordy parody of M. de Maupassant's famous preface. His Duchessa di Neli, in *Studio di Donna*, talks little, but thinks the more. She is elaborately gowned and barricaded by furniture, among which Signor de Roberto stumbles on the last novel of M. Paul Bourget. When, in a *loutre* and sky-blue tea-gown, she is discovered in a remote villa by the object of her choice after days of passionate longing, she asks him, "Cavaliere, do you like sweets?" As she hands him the *bonbonnière* he perceives that the skin of her forehead is slightly stained with hair-dye, banished are the silver threads he had admired amid her luxuriant locks when he last met her in a grey, tailor-made gown. More to her surprise than ours, he bids her a cold good-bye and flees to a neighbouring town. Another tribute to M. Bourget is the exoticism of his Princess Borisheff. Four languages are needful for the baring of the lady's unsophisticated soul. This we learn from a polyglot letter written, except for the mixture of tongues, after (a long way after) the manner of a Slav heroine of M. Cherbuliez's. In the blended Americanese and Volapük of her signature, *Toute (sic) à vous, Catherine P. Borisheff*, we find the first indication of Signor de Roberto's originality. Realism, he remarks, is the truth about things external, idealism the truth about things invisible. This definition will do as well as any other; but why should it induce the author of *Documenti umani* to mistake the Unreal for the Ideal?

The author of *Rosa, scene della vita di villaggio* (4) tells us that his book is not a novel, by which he allows us to infer that it is history. It is, at any rate, a veritable cyclopædia of village types, mostly well drawn. His artists and gentlefolk are less satisfactory. The book is too long and so laden with digressions on art, politics, literature, the adventures of Italian emigrants in America, and a thousand other things, that, when at last we come to the rounding off of this authentic history, we are not quite sure what it is all about.

Noemi (5) begins life with sentiments which would do honour to Mme. Bovary. In the cart which bears her from her rustic home to the nearest station she "wishes that the horse might never stop," she "longs to be borne along unceasingly 'twixt the blue of infinite space and the dewy green of the landscape." But when this too artless daughter of a village apothecary arrives at Milan, it is, to borrow a local idiom, "another pair of gloves." Noemi, no longer Mme. Bovary, but Denise (with many apologies to Flaubert and the younger Dumas), falls a ready prey to the fascinations of a curled and highly-scented Marchesino. The author is careful to warn us in a preface to this "simple story" that therein "we shall find no trace of that old-fashioned morality which awards to every one his or her due . . . for in this wicked world evil is done without either redress for the victim or punishment for the guilty." We are not quite so sure whether the victim in this case is Noemi, or whether it be Arnaldo, the worthy painter whom, after many vicissitudes, she marries, as we are that there is little trace of old-fashioned or of any other sort of morality in this novel. After over two hundred pages, in which the objectionable element is carefully eliminated, Mercedes is delivered of a homily on the possible redemption of too adventurous ladies. We fear that when she has realized that an Arnaldo who is willing to "waive the absurd prejudices which separate one class from another" is *rara avis*, she will have lost her last illusion.

Signor Salvatore Farina has added an epilogue to the sketch published simultaneously some two years ago in the *Nuova Antologia* and the *Deutsche Rundschau* (6). Between the prologue, which opens in a foundling hospital, and the epilogue, which ends in the gain and loss of all the two heroes had wished for, the greater part of their long lives has elapsed. Signor Farina leaves the intermediate novel to the imagination of his readers. He has not written it at all; but so potent is his concentration of thought and expression that, in the presages of the prologue and the few reminiscences of the epilogue, we may read it between the lines, just as in the *Odyssey* we are conscious of the beauty of Nausicaa, although Homer did not stoop to catalogue its details. The story of Desiderio Coppa and of Desiderio Diodato is told with the art of a consummate *littérateur*, with a purity of language admirably free from the Gallicism which mars so much good Italian writing, and with an ideal, inherent purity of conception as difficult to define as it is delightful to meet with.

Signora Maria Savi-Lopez has not inappropriately dedicated her "Legends of the Alps" (7) to the Queen of Italy, for the best told of her tales are those of the House of Savoy. If our historic sense has a leaning towards M. Henri Carrard's view that to Thomas and not to Peter of Savoy appertained

the glory of the battle of Chillon, our artistic sense is not ill pleased when Count Pierre appears before his liege lord with one half of his handsome truculent person clothed in silken raiment and the other half in steel. "Beau cosin," quoth Charlemagne, "si je ne vous heusse voulu investir de Chablaix, de Vaudz et d'Ouste, mais que je les heusse voulu avoir pour moi, que heussiez vous fait par votre foy?" "Monsieur," replied Pierre, taking the words from the lips of Thomas and the kudos from his memory, "vous en diray-ge sur la foy et fidélité que je vous doi, je vous heusse tourné le costé armé et l'espée, et me fusse deffandu jusqu'à la mort, l'espée au poing." The gracefully dishevelled Alpine fairy of Signor Carlo Chessa's frontispiece promises better illustrations than are furnished by some sixty coarse woodcuts. The promise of the Signora Savi-Lopez's introduction shall speak for itself:—"When all the legends that still cling to the Alps have been garnered, I think," says the writer, "that we shall possess an admirable document of all the sweet, grand, or poetic imaginings woven by popular fantasy around the ancient myths and historic enterprises of our fathers. And when to Alpine legends shall be added those equally poetic ones of the Scottish and Scandinavian mountains of the Sierras, the Carpathians, and other parts of Europe, and when these can be compared to others, a new, vast, and fecund field will be opened to the learned of every clime." All of which is undeniable. But had these pretty Alpine tales or fragments of tales come to us in simpler garb, interspersed with less pseudo-scientific hypothesis, the cause of science would not have suffered, and lovers of genuine folklore would have been better pleased. So much braying of trumpets is calculated to invite indiscreet questions as to the meaning of Jack Frost's and Karfunkel's *chassée-croisée* in the Alps and the presence of "Mary Morgan's" on the Continent. For the mermaids (*sic*), who under this English designation disport themselves on Baltic strands and in Italian pages, "que font-elles dans cette galère?"

We have received the first number of Signor A. de Gubernatis's *Dizionario degli artisti Italiani viventi* (8) (fascicolo A e B), an excellent guide to the Promised Land of the *dilettante*. The next number will appear in November and every following month until the work is completed.

NATURAL INHERITANCE.*

MOST people are accustomed to regard the studies with which Mr. Galton has principally associated his name as at best rather suitable to the *dilettante*, if not absolutely a little frivolous. It is flattering in a small way to be weighed and measured with scientific precision, to have one's "swiftness of stroke," keenness of vision, "strength of squeeze," and the like, tested, and the results solemnly recorded for anonymous incorporation into a book of high repute. Nor is it less pleasing to be sedulously asked about one's secret views of numbers from one to twenty and from twenty to a hundred, about the aptitudes and illnesses, the colour of the eyes and hair, and the good and bad temper of oneself and as many of one's relations as possible. These circumstances account for the fact that Mr. Galton's researches are to some extent considered to be popular, in more senses of that expressive adjective than one. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at if a good deal of disappointment has arisen from the circumstance that Mr. Galton's latest volume is very far from being popular. It is technical in a high degree, and may be colloquially described as a great deal too "stiff" to afford the least entertainment to the casual amateur of heredity. It contains no pictures, but a great many sums and long tables, the meaning of which can be apprehended only after a careful and thorough study of the text.

The present volume largely consists of matter which is not new, but has seen the light before in some of the many articles, essays, addresses, and so forth, which the author has published from time to time. Much of such matter is now set out in a more concise, and at the same time more comprehensive, manner than was possible by the original mode of publication; and indeed the object of the present work seems to be to furnish a text-book to serve as a general foundation for the study of inheritance at large, with especial reference to human beings. The first five chapters deal with the subject generally. In them Mr. Galton explains his terminology, most of which he has had to invent for himself, and indicates such general principles as he believes to be properly inducible from the facts affecting inheritance of all kinds. Chapter vi. deals with the "Records of Family Faculties," known to students of Mr. Galton's researches as the "R. F. F.," and with the famous "Anthropometric Laboratory" established at one of the more recent exhibitions at South Kensington. The four following chapters respectively contain specific records, the result of investigation by Mr. Galton and his friends, as to Stature, Eye Colour, the Artistic Faculty, and Disease. These are followed by a discussion of "latent elements"—that is to say, upon the probability of a given peculiarity in an ancestor reappearing in his comparatively remote descendants after an interval of non-appearance in persons through whom it must be presumed to have been transmitted—and the volume concludes with a summary of results, and eight appendices containing a

(8) *Dizionario degli artisti viventi*. Da A. de Gubernatis. Firenze: L. ed A. S. Gonnelli.

* *Natural Inheritance*. By Francis Galton, F.R.S., Author of "Hereditary Genius" &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

(3) *Documenti umani*. Da F. de Roberto. Milano: Treves.

(4) *Rosa, scene della vita di villaggio*. Milano: Fior di Spina.

(5) *Noemi da Mercedes*. Milano: Galli.

(6) *I due desideri, Prologo ed Epilogo*. Da Salvatore Farina. Milano: Brigola.

(7) *Leggende delle Alpi*. Da Maria Savi-Lopez. Torino: Ermanno Loescher.

large number of statements in tabular form, being the bases of most of the generalizations asserted in the text.

The most striking of the general characteristics of Mr. Galton's work is its want of precision. Again and again throughout his calculations we meet with an avowed "shot." For instance, in dealing with average human measures, Mr. Galton has found it practically necessary to "transmute" the measures of females into terms of measures for males. "For example:—the statures of women bear to those of men the proportion of about twelve to thirteen." Therefore, for purposes of calculating stature, a woman may be considered as a man with an inch added to his stature for every foot of hers. Mr. Galton uses the proportion of 100 to 108 for stature, and other proportions for female measures generally—e.g. for "strength of squeeze," and the like. As regards stature, which is capable of being ascertained with a good deal of accuracy, this method seems reasonable enough; but when widely used it opens a considerable door for error. It is, of course, a weakness in Mr. Galton's methods of research, rendered inevitable by circumstances, that, however careful his correspondents may be in their statements, they must rely a great deal upon hearsay, and even where they report such simple matters as whether eyes or hair are light or dark, from their personal observation, it is impossible to rely with much confidence upon their reports. Any one who will try the experiment of making an assertion which he supposes to be obviously true as to the colour of the hair or eyes of some person well known to each of several listeners will speedily discover how much room there is for difference of opinion—and very confident opinion, too—upon questions of this nature. When it comes to saying that such and such members of a large family are or were "good-tempered," and such others "bad-tempered," or to writing down opposite the names of a long string of relations the diseases of which they died and from which they suffered in life, the information is really so loose that no sensible man would act upon it for any practical purpose. These considerations make us look on Mr. Galton's generalizations about the probable influence upon descendants of ancestors, about the character of the imaginary person whom he rather fantastically styles the "Mid-Parent," and about the curves of frequency into which the actual or probable recurrence of physical peculiarities will naturally fall, as pleasing and ingenious, but by no means irrefragable. The criticism, of course, whatever it may be worth, affects only the question whether a man would act judiciously in selecting a wife in accordance with the teaching of Mr. Galton's statistics. It leaves entirely untouched the further question whether, assuming the former to be unhesitatingly answered in the affirmative, any considerable number of persons are likely to be so judicious as to behave accordingly.

It can hardly be necessary, for the benefit of any one who is acquainted with any of Mr. Galton's work, to add that his language and style are good, that the candour and ingenuity of his observations are alike admirable, and that his discourse abounds in peculiarly neat and original analogies and speculations. For the benefit of others, if any such there be, it may be worth while to mention one or two such passages. In the chapter on "Latent Elements," Mr. Galton devises a most ingenious simile from playing-cards. Suppose a hand of thirteen cards to be dealt from each of two packs, and another hand of thirteen from the twenty-six so obtained. Then any given card in either of the original packs may be dealt in the final pack, while it is certain that most of them will not be. "So," says Mr. Galton, "I conceive it to be with hereditary transmission. No given pair can possibly transmit the whole of their ancestral qualities; on the other hand, there is probably no description of ancestor whose qualities have not been in some cases transmitted to a descendant." This is so artful, and analogies are such a fruitful source of delusion, that it is almost necessary to observe that there is no ground for believing any "ancestral quality" to be nearly such a definite and enduring thing as a playing-card, but rather the contrary. No such criticism need be passed on the following poetical parallel:—

The population retains its peculiarities, although the elements of which it is composed are never stationary. In these respects a population may be compared to a cloud that seems to repose in calm upon a mountain plateau, while a gale of wind is blowing over it. The outline of the cloud remains unchanged, although its elements are in violent movement, and in a condition of perpetual destruction and renewal. The well-understood cause of such clouds is the deflection of a wind laden with invisible vapour, by means of the sloping flanks of the mountain, up to a level at which the atmosphere is much colder and rarer than below. Part of the invisible vapour with which the wind was charged becomes thereby condensed into the minute particles of water of which clouds are formed. After a while the process is reversed. The particles of cloud, having been carried by the wind across the plateau, are swept down the other side of it again to a lower level, and during their descent they return into invisible vapour. Both in the cloud and in the population there is, on the one hand, a continual supply and inrush of new individuals from the unseen; they remain a while as visible objects, and then disappear. The cloud and the population are composed of elements that resemble each other in the brevity of their existence, while the general features of the cloud and of the population are alike in that they abide.

A VOYAGE IN A NORFOLK WHERRY.*

FRIESLAND *Meres and through the Netherlands* is the somewhat clumsy title of a very entertaining little book. It was

* *Friesland Meres and through the Netherlands: the Voyage of a Family in a Norfolk Wherry.* By Henry Montagu Doughty, Author of "Summer in Broadland." London: Sampson Low & Co. 1889.

a happy thought of the writer, after exhausting the not very extensive waterways of Norfolk, to transfer his "wherry" to the "greater Broadland" of Friesland, and enjoy the satisfaction of showing the natives the way about their own waters. The land as well as the water is apparently free from tourists, and so little known that we can almost sympathize with Mr. Doughty's friends, who asked him when he came home:—

"Do tell me, where is Friesland? Somewhere near Iceland, isn't it?"

"What language do they speak?"

"What did you find to eat?"

"What! did you go in a wherry? Didn't you get very wet when it rained? It must have been hard work rowing her," &c.

A wherry in Norfolk means a river barge, which, owing to the fineness of its lines and the arrangement of its sail, can lie closer to the wind than any craft with which we are acquainted; indeed, the progress of the *Gipsy* through Holland and Friesland seems to have been a continuous series of triumphs over the local "tjalks" and other craft. For sailing on fresh water nothing that floats can beat a Norfolk wherry; like house-boats on the Thames for size and comfort, yet safe and fast and handy under sail; they float in three feet of water, and can lead where nothing bigger than a boat can follow. Mr. Doughty is evidently an experienced sailor-man, and seems to have handled his craft capably; but we must humbly suggest a doubt as to whether his masthead was the correct place to carry his ensign.

A great drawback to the complete enjoyment of his book is the map of Friesland, which is on so minute a scale that a microscope would be needed to trace the sinuous red thread which marks his route through the countless meres and canals with which the province is veined. He visited nearly all the towns, old walled towns most of them—Sneek, Leeuwarden, Dokkum, Bolsward, Workum, Sloten, and Lemmer—and only on two occasions seems to have met with any incivility. His subsequent voyage by the Ysel to the Rhine, and thence by Utrecht and Leiden back up the western part of Holland, is through better-known scenes, and gives one a charming impression of green landscapes, street canals, picturesque gables, carved oak panelling, and stained-glass windows. Museums are, as a rule, the dreariest of human resorts; but that at Leeuwarden, whose simple name is the "Friesch Genootschap van Geschied ouheid en Taalkende," must be described in the visitor's own words:—

We went to see the Museum, because, as dear old Hans Andersen has taught us, "You must do it for decency's sake, for you are sure to be asked when you come back, and then you're sure to be told that you have omitted to see what is best worth seeing." And, prejudice against museums apart, we enjoyed ourselves immensely, for we found delights we little bargained for.

Why do not our English museum-makers take a lesson from their Frisian cousins, and instead of putting separate pieces of puzzle in separate glass cases, fit them together, and instruct us with a harmonious whole? In this museum we found two rooms which seemed to have been taken bodily from the everyday life of ancient Hindelopen, and very fascinating they are.

The rooms were spotlessly clean, and forcibly reminded us of a model dairy by their tiled walls and floor, and the soft light which came in from a small-paned window. Of course the tiles are Old Dutch, with biblical subjects. In the first room were sitting and standing three good people, two women and a man, in the quaintest of dresses. They were discussing the beverage which "cheers but not inebriates," but unfortunately they were not alive, but only "stuffed people," as some one called the figures at the "Colonies," and could not invite us to partake.

One side of this room was filled with old oak armoires, two-storied, and with massive doors; beds, we shrewdly suspect they would be, did these "stuffed people" require such accommodation, and there were little painted ladders for climbing into them.

Hindelopen taste in colours was and is almost barbaric, and there were plenty of examples here, almost Indian-looking, with closely blended arabesque patterns, in the brightest colours imaginable. Little square "stoofjes," or foot-warming footstools, openwork with brass handles, a cradle, I think a tea-tray, and many things beside. There was no carpet in the rooms, only a small round mat under the tea-table; but the tiled floor did not need covering. The dresses I cannot describe; but one good dame had a beautiful silver chataine, and the mirror which hung against the wall was framed in tortoiseshell.

But no inventory, however complete, can give any idea of the charm of the place; those two ghostly rooms, and the three weird figures sitting for ever over their never-begun and never-finished tea.

There is an equally charming description of a palatial doll's-house at Utrecht: indeed, there are few towns in Holland or Friesland without some sight worth seeing; a gabled street closed by an ancient gate, a tree-bordered canal street, or a very narrow alley between leaning houses, and a glimpse of a broad river at the end of it, not to speak of churches and many-storied Renaissance town-halls and water-towers. The costumes of the women and their extraordinary gold head-dresses complete the picture, and the bright colours, set off by the brilliant atmosphere, made the voyagers feel that they had, indeed, reached a new country. The artists found that they had to use pure colour, instead of the grey half-tones to which they were accustomed under English skies:—

The clearness of the air and the brightness of the colouring was noticeable. The houses are of red brick, or else painted in audacious colours, looking ever fresh; windows are large, the glass more than merely clean—poli-bed—with immaculate white blinds. Every bit of brass work is burnished; then the sky is pure azure, and the foliage a vivid green. Filthy black smoke never sullies these Dutch towns; peat is the common fuel, and makes but little smoke—polite simple-seeming people; such were our impressions.

For healthy enjoyment, including almost all the delights of yachting, with safety and comfort to the ladies of the party, combining with all this the pleasure of visiting a foreign country

without the ceaseless worry produced by hotels, railways, and luggage. Mr. Doughty's mode of spending his summer holiday, seems unequalled. It seems strange that it has not been done before; but we feel sure that now he has shown the way it will be done again. Many Englishmen, of course, have visited Holland in boats of various kinds. Mr. Doughty heard at Edam of an "Engelsch schip" which had lain there, which his informant, a farmer's wife, told him contained "four men, one a black man, and one a very long man." They slept under an awning, and bought cheese of her; but it was reserved for him to discover the absolutely perfect vessel for the purpose. We feel quite a thrill of patriotic pride as we read of the way in which the familiar Norfolk wherry went away from all the boëyers, tjalks, praams, schuits, aaks, schouws, and boks with which the lakes and rivers abounded; for in Holland, as in China, many are born, live all their days, and die on board their craft; generations succeed each other who have no homes on shore:—

Of course [says Mr. Doughty] their status varies, from well-to-do families in large new vessels, smart and clean as any yacht, to gipsy-looking folk in a neglected lighter; but smiles and salutes, never an ill word or look, met us from one and all, and the country over; and I never saw a waterman the worse for liquor.

We must not forget to mention the illustrations, done in pen-and-ink, and very cleverly and effectively done, by the ladies of the party. Slight and unpretending though many of them are, they form a notable contrast to Mr. C. Davies's blurred photographs of the same scenes in his somewhat disappointing book, *On Dutch Waterways*. For the benefit of those who have never beheld such a craft, the cover of the book displays, on a seascape ingeniously formed out of the Dutch flag, a stately wherry sailing in the wind's eye, while a local tjalk runs before it. We think it very possible that this simple account of the *Gipsy's* adventures may incline others who love sailing, sketching, and out-of-the-way travelling to be advised by old Thomas Fuller:—"If thou wilt see much in little, travel the Low Countries; Holland is all Europe in an Amsterdam print, for Minerva, Mars, and Mercury, learning war and traffic."

BOOKS ON THE OUTSIDES OF BOOKS.*

BIBLIOGRAPHY must, to some minds, be a very fascinating science. Just as we have heard an amateur architect remark that it must be pleasant to design houses for other people to live in, so it must be pleasant to write about books without having to read them. The worst of it is that the critic who notices bibliographical works cannot be expected, even by the most exorbitantly tyrannical editor, to read even one of them through "from cover to cover," or "from end to 1." The object of a critical notice of such books as those before us is to instruct the patient and obedient reader as to which he may safely place on his shelves for occasional consultation, and which he may hesitate over or reject. To arrive at a right judgment requires long experience of such books and of the kind of disappointment chiefly encountered in consulting them; and it needs also, with an extreme anxiety for exactness, an oblivion for faults of style, or rather for absence of style, and for the constant repetition of the same particulars. A volume of Lowndes may serve, in the almost total absence of anything else, to instruct, if not to entertain, a very omnivorous reader; but the most interesting part of the first book on our list is the introduction, originally compiled by the late Mr. Winter Jones, and continued to the present year by Mr. Bullen. The book itself has been greatly improved in this edition by expanding the subject-index, which previously was of comparatively little use. It now gives the short title and press-mark of every book. The introduction opens with a contrast between the Museum of 1759 and that of 1859, when the first edition of this list was issued. Admission at first, and down to 1810, was by ticket only. Mr. Jones, when he became Principal Librarian, seems to have somewhat modified the views here expressed, and, as is well known, restricted admissions by every means in his power; here, however, he congratulates the public on the large number of readers, a daily average of 420 having been attained. Under different arrangements it has now risen to 620; and the number of books supplied to readers, which in 1859 was 652, has now risen to 2,448. The introduction of the electric light has enabled the authorities "to avoid the enforced closing of the Museum on the occasion of a London fog," and greatly to extend the number of hours during which the Reading Room can remain open. A great improvement was introduced with the electric light when the lowest of the galleries which surround the Reading Room was filled with a second selection of works of reference to the number of 18,000, chosen mainly as being the works most frequently in requisition; and these books can be obtained long after the corridors of the general library have been closed for the day. The body of the Catalogue before us is beyond criticism. To the superficial observer the selection appears highly arbitrary; but no doubt the authorities have good

reasons for their choice, and have placed on these shelves the volumes most frequently wanted by the daily reader.

The Catalogue and index of additions to the collection of manuscripts fill a stout, closely-printed volume of more than eleven hundred pages. It comprises all acquisitions made between 1882 and 1887. "The department," we are told, "has, during the six years covered by this Catalogue, been largely benefited by donations from various sources." Special mention is made in the preface of Lord Chichester's munificent gift of the official and private papers of the Duke of Newcastle, who was for forty-nine years a Minister of State, having become Lord Chamberlain in 1717 and having given up the Privy Seal in 1766, two years before his death. Every one remembers Walpole's amusing account of him. This collection consists of 548 volumes, besides 3,483 charters of the united families of Holles and Pelham. The department has also been enriched with a considerable number of illuminated manuscripts, and with the six volumes of State papers and historical documents which belonged to the late Sir Alexander Malet, and were acquired by the Museum in 1883. A wonderfully complete index occupies more than half the volume.

Mr. Sharman has endeavoured very bravely to identify all the books named in two inventories of the library of Queen Mary of Scotland. He has succeeded very well in a great many cases. The Queen evidently not only brought from France a goodly parcel of the beautiful productions of the Parisian press of the early sixteenth century, but kept up the supply at a later period, and also bought a few books printed in England. The number of specimens of Galliot du Pré and of Antoine Verard must have been considerable. On the whole, though we notice some misprints, and though Mr. Sharman's style is not always very clear, this is a book which sets a good example. A considerable knowledge of old French and English literature is involved in such an essay as this; but for an amateur with ample leisure a task like that which Mr. Sharman has set himself must be very pleasant. In quoting *Notes and Queries* on p. 45, Mr. Sharman should have mentioned the series, and we observe that on p. 50 he uses the word "copy" for "edition." At p. 52 there is an amusing example of Miss Strickland's way of writing history. It relates to Queen Elizabeth's translation of Boethius. Mr. Sharman might have found a more exact account of the work. Bowyer, who kept the Tower records, wrote to the Queen in 1593, and sent her a computation that the work had occupied her in all for twenty-four hours, at the rate of two hours a day. Mr. Sharman's heraldry fails him at p. 132, where he speaks of Queen Mary as "quartering" the arms of Queen Elizabeth. On the whole, however, this is an interesting volume not to the bibliographer alone, but to any historical student, and throws some side light on an obscure period.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. JULIEN TIERSOT, some four years ago, received an Institute "crown" for an essay on a certain period of French popular song-writing, and has now amplified it into a volume which contains a very large amount of matter (1). It must be a question for opinion to decide whether it is desirable or not to keep the purely literary and the purely musical sides of such a subject apart. M. Tiersot has not kept them apart, and in handling them together has ventured into the very perilous region of the musical notation of the ancients, designating the "mode" of this folk-song as "hypodorian, concluding on the dominant," of that as "a mixture of the major and hypophrygian modes," and so forth. We think we are not rash in saying that such matters are too technical, if not too contentious, for it to be satisfactory to treat them otherwise than by themselves. The purely literary part of the matter, and the border-ground between the literary and the technically musical, offered an ample field, of which M. Tiersot has availed himself not ill. He has covered in his view a very wide space, extending from the early romances, of which "Fair Isabel" is a specimen, to this present nineteenth century; he has endeavoured to "rationalize" the songs into love-songs, songs of the *maumariée* or unhappy wife, war-songs, drinking-songs, historical and other ballads, and the like; and, finally, he has, as we have said, devoted very considerable pains to the airs as well as to the words. It would appear that he has acquainted himself with most of the literature of the subject, including the recent researches of "folklorists," and his book contains very copious references to other works where the inquirer may fill up his stock of information. If a fault is to be found with it anywhere, it must probably be that, while it offers much more information in detail than is necessary for an essay, we have still nothing like an exhaustive history of French folk-song. To give this in full with all the variants of the different songs, after the fashion of Professor Child's monumental collection of English ballads, would, of course, be impossible in any single volume of a less size than Webster's Dictionary. But we think that M. Tiersot might have given a rather smaller, but still representative, collection of extracts in his text, and have thus made room for a nearly, if not quite, exhaustive catalogue of songs (not, of course, given in full) in an appendix or a separate

* *Books of Reference in the Reading Room of the British Museum.* Third edition. Printed for the Trustees. 1889.

Catalogue of Additions to the Manuscripts in the British Museum. Printed for the Trustees. 1889.

The Library of Mary Queen of Scots. By Julian Sharman. London: Stock. 1889.

(1) *Histoire de la chanson populaire en France.* Par Julien Tiersot. Paris: Plon.

division of the book. There are, however, always difficulties in the enlargement of a prize essay into a book, and M. Tiersot's volume is more than interesting enough as it is to justify itself, and also the fuller notice which we hope to give it elsewhere.

It is less surprising that *La nouvelle Héloïse* (2) should make her appearance in M. Jouaust's extremely beautiful "Petite Bibliothèque Artistique"—the most satisfactory, on the whole, of the numerous collections of the kind which are now produced in France—than that she should have waited so long for a place in it. True, Julie is not the attraction that once she was—that she was, as has just been shown in the letters published by Mr. David Ritchie, even to a girl so little sentimental as Jane Welsh (soon to be Carlyle), sixty years ago. The magnificent lines (perhaps, on the whole, the finest and most genuine that he ever wrote) of Byron in *Childe Harold* remain, and will remain for ever, to show what that attraction was to two generations, not the foolishness that Europe has known; and more than one prose passage of Hazlitt, a person sufficiently different from Byron, might be cited to accompany them. Even to this day, out of fashion as the style is, deliberately as Rousseau went out of his way to choke his book with surplussage of sentimentality and to starve it with penury of incident, no one who has what its own day called an *âme sensible* can read the immortal "Oh! mourons, ma douce amie," or any one of a dozen other passages, without acknowledging that here at least the author attained to that greatest triumph of literature—the embodying of a particular phase of thought, of feeling, of experience in words more adequate, more vivid, more forcible than any other writer has given to it. But almost from the first there has been a strong party against poor Mme. de Wolmar. Even on the Continent, and still more in England, those who prize (and there is something to be said for them) reticence about the delights of passion have always looked on the book as an unmanly, if not a positively immoral, piece of gush. It has been urged—and, indeed, it is very hard to deny it—that Saint-Preux was not only not a gentleman by birth (which he could not help), but was also, like his very gifted, but sometimes very despicable, creator, the reverse of a gentleman now and then in his sentiments and behaviour. The opinion of the saner part of the civilized world—even of the saner among those who fervently admire parts of the book—has always been that, if the passages referring to Mylord Edouard Bonstom and M. de Wolmar respectively could have been separately hung round the necks of those two personages, and the whole parcel have then been drowned in the profoundest corner of the Lake of Geneva, it had been a blessed riddance. Still with the more capable students of literature the book, even with this heavy load, will survive and float unmerged in the other lake of Oblivion for ever and ever—all the more that the old reproach of immorality brought against it has, since the advent of Naturalism, been exchanged for that of insipid dullness. It can hardly be necessary to say at any great length that M. Jouaust's presentation of the first instalment of it is immaculate in all respects of workmanship. The illustrations are charming, and only too few—the frontispiece of Jean-Jacques, in his famous Armenian dress, is more prepossessing than usual, and the two etchings by M. Hédouin, the famous Bosquet scene, and the last farewell, where Saint-Preux grovels on the stairs, are among the most successful book illustrations that we have seen for a long time. In the first-named plate the action of Claire playfully pushing Julie forward is charmingly given; and in the second, all suspicion of the ridiculous—a peril especially incident to the treatment of such a scene in miniature—is avoided. The text appears also to have been printed with the greatest care, and divers faults, which always creep into constantly reprinted matter, have been removed. If we have a fault to find, it is with the introduction. M. John Grand-Carteret has done most excellent and agreeable work as an iconographer, and knows his eighteenth century well; but we had not previously any reason to think highly of him as a literary critic, nor have we now. To class Scott with "gens qui n'ont pas d'âme," and a good deal more of the same kind, because he did not like a book which it is extremely probable he never read in the original, and his dislike for which is easily accountable for, is uncritical to the point of imbecility, and there is much else both of praise and blame, which is equally questionable. But the introductions play but a small part in these beautiful editions, and may almost be neglected.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

AN appropriate start is made with "The Temple Library" by Dr. Birkbeck Hill's *Select Essays of Dr. Johnson*, with etchings by Mr. Herbert Railton (Dent & Co.), two volumes clad in the prettiest Quakerish hue imaginable, the type and paper delightful to sight and touch, the selection and notes altogether such as good Johnsonians must expect of an editor of Dr. Hill's equipment. Perhaps it is a sign of the hopeless loss of influence sustained by the Johnsonian essay that these charming reprints are offered, no doubt wisely, to the few. The issue is limited, and there is a "large paper" form, also limited. And yet there was a time, after its publication was abandoned, when the *Rambler* circulated freely, and there is plenty of evidence to show it was piously preserved. *Ramblers* and *Idlers* may be even now

picked up by the book-hunter, substantially bound in leather, although the original reception was, as Dr. Hill remarks, not encouraging. The fate of Johnson's essays is sad, indeed, though scarcely so melancholy as the neglect of Cowley, with which Dr. Hill compares it. There is a fashion in periodical literature, and the bulk of readers obey it and follow with fervour. It is not to be expected that a public given over to *Tit-Bits* should fall back on the ephemeral or light literature of the last century. Dr. Hill's selection is, it is needless to say, a good one. It includes a fair sample of Johnson's contributions to Hawkesworth's *Adventurer*, and, it is well to note, though the *Rambler* does much more about, a capital gathering of *Idlers*. If, as bookseller Cave confessed, "Mr. Johnson is the Great Rambler," it may with truth be asserted that he is the greater Idler. Those persons whose regard for Johnsonian criticism is much the same as the attitude of Coleridge's servant towards the author of the *Watchman*—"La, sir! it's only *Idlers*" is the mark of the tribe—might do worse things than study the opinions of Mr. Minim.

An instructive and suggestive summary of the last ten years of English political history is put forth as "a handbook for Unionists," under the title *Mr. Gladstone and English Politics* (Woodford, Fawcett, & Co.), by Mr. George Brooks, whose record is not merely exhaustive and searching, but peculiarly interesting, because of the writer's recent conversion from the Gladstonian faith. If we had not too much evidence of the extremely limited reading of the average good Gladstonian, both in past history and recent, we should be hopeful of excellent results from the publication of Mr. Brooks's plain-spoken, forcible, and convincing book. The writer hailed Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule measure with joy; but he was previously a vigorous critic of Mr. Gladstone's older Irish policy of sops and tinkering. A visit to the United States during the last Presidential election cured him of all belief in Mr. Gladstone's newest panacea for Irish "disaffection," and it is obvious that such an experience must necessarily lead any earnest inquirer, free from partisan spirit, to the same conclusion arrived at by Mr. Brooks. In America, as the writer observes, the Home Rule movement has "its base, its centre, its life, and strength"; and there he found the professed enemies of his country banded together in support of it. Hence Mr. Brooks was impelled to reconsider his position, and the vindication of his changed convictions should be read by all who have any respect for or faith in Liberalism.

Your voyager who keeps a journal and prints it at request of friends is not always so frank and fearless a chronicler of small beer as is Mr. Marchamp Longway (J. C. P. W.), whose *London to Melbourne* (Remington & Co.) is made up of the ordinary impressions of a voyager on an Orient Line steamer from London to Australia. In addition to the unutterable excitements that ever attend a sea voyage, the author provides a pitiless account of a visit to Naples, Pompeii, and so forth, of which we can only remark that, having read it, we would not invite our worst enemy to incur the "yawn of such a venture."

From Messrs. Macmillan & Co. we have new editions of Kingsley's *Play and Puritans*, and other *Essays*; Mrs. Oliphant's *Sheridan*, "English Men of Letters" series; Miss Charlotte M. Yonge's *Chantry House*, and Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* a re-issue of the famous Devonshire romance at sixpence, printed in double columns of good clear type by Messrs. Clark of Edinburgh.

With due allowance for the lessened range available, Mr. Alfred H. Miles has succeeded quite as well with his collection of short tales, *Fifty-two Stories for Girls* (Hutchinson & Co.), as with the companion volume for boys, already noticed. The editorial aim and method are the same. The stories, from many sources, are classified under the various heads of Home and School, Heroism, Adventure, Domestic Life, Historical and Fairy Lore, and, with all this uncommon variety, there does not appear to be one of the fifty-two without merit.

We have also received the new volume of that well-established favourite *The Quiver* (Cassell & Co.), compact of wholesome reading and pretty illustrations; the *Handbook for Jamaica* for 1889-90 (Stanford), edited by Messrs. A. C. Sinclair and Laurence R. Fyfe, comprising statistical and other information, with a map of the island prepared from the Government survey; and *The Republic of Uruguay*, 1888-9 (Liverpool: Rockliff), an official description of "the country at the Paris Exhibition," with statistics and illustrations that offer striking evidence of its progress and prosperity.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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(2) J.-J. Rousseau—*La nouvelle Héloïse*. Première partie. Edition Jouaust. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.